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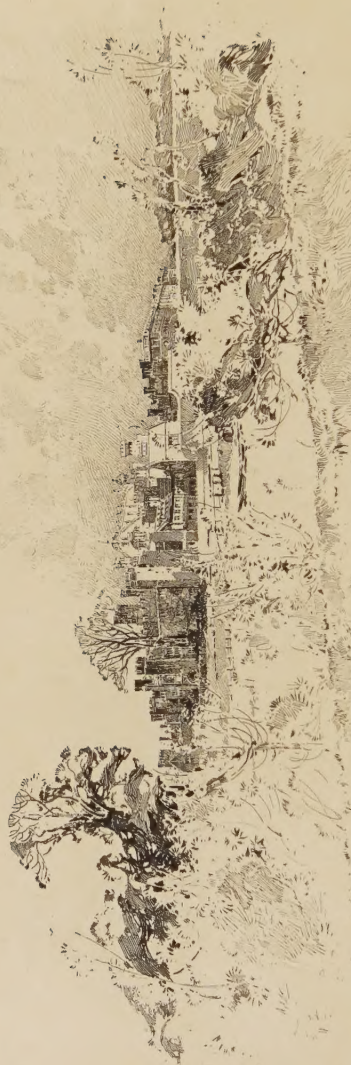
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Hampton Court



View from River.

HAMPTON·COVRT·

BY

·WILLIAM·HOLDEN·HUTTON·B·D·



·WITH·43·ILLUSTRATIONS·BY·

·HERBERT·RAILTON·



·LONDON·JOHN·C·NIMMO·MDCCXCXCVII·

942.19

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Hampton Court

BY

WILLIAM HOLDEN HUTTON, B.D.

FELLOW OF S. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD

Illustrated with Forty-three Drawings by

HERBERT RAILTON



LONDON

JOHN C. NIMMO

14 KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND

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P R E F A C E

A WORD, with all apologies for its egoism, as to how this book came to be. It is the record of travel over familiar ground. It tells again what has, perhaps often, been better told before. It originates in what schoolmasters used to call a 'holiday task.' College Dons, unlike the popular idea of them, are busy folk, who are constantly at work, teaching or preparing to teach, examining or writing, and each of these things as part of their professional obligation. But even Dons must have a holiday sometimes, and much more so must undergraduates.

Years ago, when I lived in the suburbs, I spent many days out of Oxford vacations in the gardens and galleries of Hampton Court. Week by week I was there, and was never tired of the delightful prospect and its memories. This year I have found the fascination still as strong as it was a decade ago; and I have had the delight of wandering about with Mr. Railton, and of trying, under his guidance, to see the familiar scenes with something of his artistic inspiration. Curious nooks, quaint byways, courts in which a stranger's footfall rarely sounds, here a solitary turret,

there a garden that Henry VIII. may have planned just as it now lies, have appealed with a new force as I saw how they had been, or could be, the subjects of the artist's most delicate draughtsmanship. With the kind help of the Chaplain of the Palace, I have penetrated to many a place which I had never seen before. Each hour the impression has deepened, and at last I have sat down to put together a few memorials of some happy vacation days.

This book has no ambitious claim. It attempts only to say, in a series of sketches not always closely connected with each other, something about what the writer has enjoyed and what he has learnt.

To wander about the gardens, to study the architecture and the pictures, with the records of the great men of past ages who planned and built and lived there, is the first and best way to know Hampton Court and its history. The stately Palace has had its historian. It is not too much to say that our pleasure in and our knowledge of Hampton Court is increased tenfold by the work of Mr. Ernest Law. At every step he has been before us. There is not a source of information which he has not studied, there is no memory which he has not appreciated and preserved. The recognition which Her Majesty the Queen has bestowed upon his labours of love, the most graceful and appropriate that could be found, is the fit expression of the gratitude which Her Majesty's subjects feel to him who has done so much to enhance the pleasure with which the public receives

the privileges which the sovereign has so generously bestowed.

Not only has Mr. Law studied the Palace and its history with the minute care of a scholar and antiquary: he has also continued most successfully the work of Mr. Jesse and Sir Henry Cole in popularising the knowledge which can alone enable visitors to rightly enjoy the beauties which they witness.

Those who wish to study the records of the Palace will find at every turn that Mr. Law has been before them. I have searched the State Papers for references to the events that happened at Hampton Court from the days of Wolsey onward, but hardly ever have I come across information which Mr. Law has not discovered and utilised. It is the same with the classical literature of England, and with the books in which foreign travellers have set down their impressions. All I can do, then, is to express most cordially my gratitude to Mr. Law for his catalogue and his guide-book, and for the three noble volumes in which he has told the history of the Palace from its earliest days to the present time, and to say that, though much that is in my book is also in his, and I have learnt, as has every one who has been in Hampton Court, from him, yet I hope it will appear that the aim and style of my book does not bring it into any comparison or competition with his.

That is the first and foremost of my obligations. Next to it I must place the kind and generous help of the Rev. A. G. Ingram, Chaplain in Ordinary to Her

Majesty, whose courtesy and patience on the day I troubled him I acknowledge with most sincere thanks. Nor am I ungrateful to those whose kindness has permitted me to visit their apartments, and to see much of great interest which is not open to the public at large: especially my thanks are due to Lady Cecil Gordon for the courtesy with which she showed me her rooms and explained their interest. In Mr. William Brown, the most efficient caretaker of the picture gallery, I was pleased to discover a fellow-countryman, doubly anxious from old associations to assist me.

Among Oxford friends I have to thank Miss Florence Freeman for most valuable help, and Mr. Gordon McNeil Rushforth, to whose taste and wide knowledge of art I am greatly indebted.

To chronicle my obligations to other books besides those of Mr. Ernest Law would be a tedious task. I have tried to mention most of them as they occur, but I cannot forbear to particularise Mr. Claude Phillips's charming account of "The Picture Gallery of Charles I." (*Portfolio*, January 1896), and the wholly admirable "Guide to the Italian Pictures at Hampton Court" (Kyrle Pamphlets, No. 2), by 'Mary Logan.'

W. H. HUTTON.

THE GREAT HOUSE,
BURFORD, OXON.,
August 1896.

INTRODUCTION

"I AM never merry when I hear sweet music." So, when the "spirits are attentive," is it with the sight of a beautiful old house. The memories of those who have lived in and loved it crowd in upon the mind. Their passions and their sorrows seem to speak now like the "music of the spheres," in a solemn cadence that only the thoughtful and abstracted heart can hear. They are become part of Nature: all that strange symphony of colour and sound and feeling that breathes in upon us as we walk the courts where they lingered, or trace their names cut with a diamond on the old window-panes, or pray where they too have laid down their sins,—all that subtle impression that steals over us and saddens is made of their struggles and their tears. There, we say, men have worked out their lives in duty and loyalty and faith: or there they have made shipwreck, driven by fierce demons of desire, for fame, for pleasure, or for wealth. And now they sleep so still, and thousands pass by and heed them not: and yet they are part of it all, this great Palace, this home of English history, this chronicle in little of what men have done and suffered for their country and their age. Here Wolsey planned to restore the greatness of England. Here Elizabeth

plotted and schemed, and yet learnt somehow to say, "I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects. . . . I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman; but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too"—some of the finest words mankind ever uttered. Here Charles showed the beauty of his nature through its outer husk of unworthy duplicity. Here Milton meditated and Cromwell agonised: and here, since the days of these heroes, many noble souls have passed, in quietness and simplicity, to their reward. It were as ill to romp and be facetious here as in some old abbey, or in any ancient place where history has been made. It is ours rather to linger over its memories and to cherish them, and to dream again of the great days that are gone by. And so as we ponder, and as the noble names come up before us, and merge insensibly into the present, where still the echoes of renown are heard in the lodgings of the kindred of our English worthies, the scene assumes an unity which brings the old time together with the new.

"It seems as if in one were cast
The present and the imaged past,
Spanning, as with a bridge sublime,
That fearful lapse of human time,
That gulf unfathomably spread
Between the living and the dead."

And thus it is one picture we are to look upon, the old Palace with its history and its memories and its art. It presents one story, and that the world will not willingly let die.

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HAMPTON COURT

CHAPTER I

THE BUILDINGS AND THEIR MAKERS

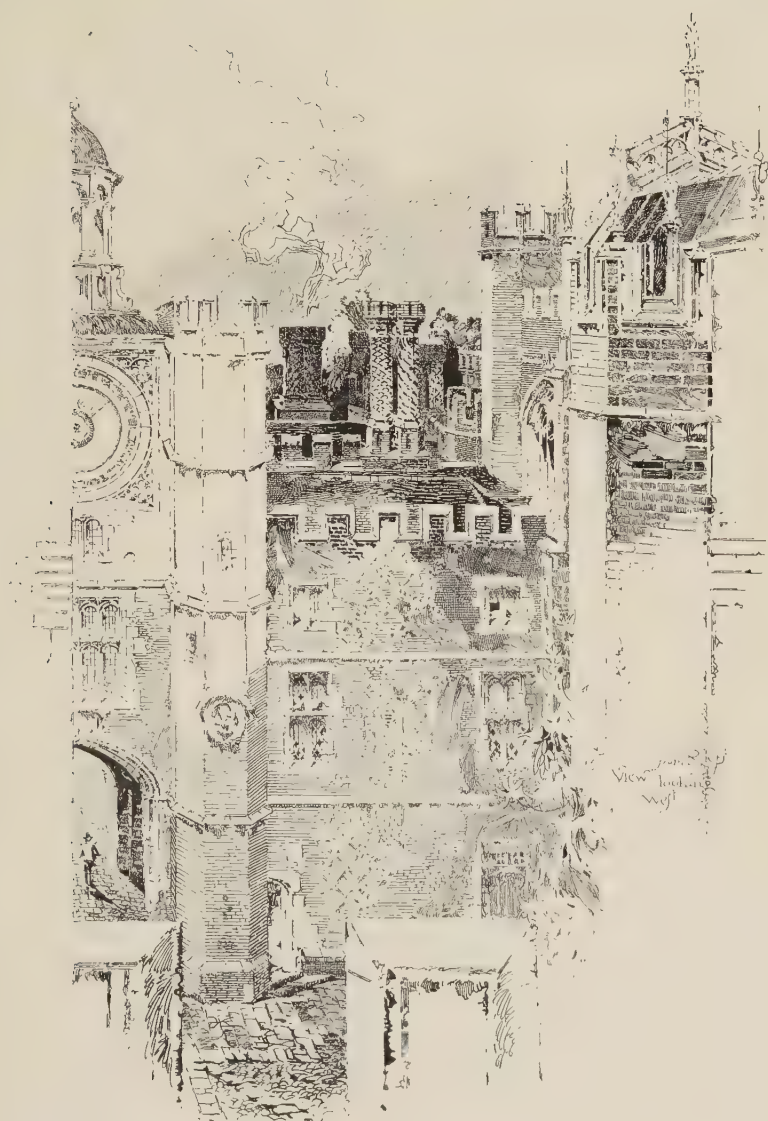
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I

THERE are few of the buildings which the generosity of English sovereigns has thrown open to the people that appeal to us with the same attraction as Hampton Court. For two reasons, at least, it has an interest

which is unique. No English palace that still remains has borne, at least until quite our own day, so homely an air. Whitehall, Oatlands, Nonsuch are gone. Buckingham Palace, Saint James's, and Kensington have the inevitable defects of all royal dwellings in a great metropolis. Windsor Castle is a rival; but in historical association it is certainly inferior. Earlier sovereigns lived at Windsor, later monarchs since George III. have made it a home; but it has not been, like Hampton Court, for more than two centuries the almost continuous residence of the rulers of England. There Wolsey rested and gave feasts; Henry spent honeymoons; Mary sat wearily waiting for the babe that never came; Elizabeth hunted and intrigued; James talked theology; Charles collected pictures, and slipped secretly through his guards' hands; Cromwell listened to the organ as Milton played it; Charles II. made love, and William III. made gardens; and so the English rulers went on living at their ease in the most comfortable of their houses, till the day when the boy who was to be George III. had his ears boxed by his grandfather, and vowed he would never live in the place where he had received such an indignity.

Hampton Court possesses in a striking degree the interest of a continuous connection with English history and an association with the domestic lives of English sovereigns. With these two thoughts in mind it is that we pass through its courts and examine its architectural features. Each bit of build-



View looking
W. 1/2

ing, it is scarcely too much to say, has an interest of its own. Historically, or because of the men who designed it, or from important events which are associated with it, each part has its special worth.

The history of the building, as we now see it, is in itself a great part of the history of English architecture, as it is a memorial of a great part of the history of the nation and its crown.

II

The Palace of Hampton Court was begun at a time when English domestic architecture was at its best. The new era which had replaced the "over-mighty subject" by the mighty monarch was out of harmony with the castles of elaborate defence and corresponding inconvenience which feudalism and medieval life had made necessary. The fortress gave place to the house. The beginning of the sixteenth century was a time of comfort, of luxury, and of enterprise; and all these were represented in the last triumphs of Gothic architecture—the great houses that were built before English architects, as well as English men of fashion, became Italianate.

Hampton Court, as Wolsey began and Henry finished it, is one of the last, as it is the greatest of the examples of that national style which was developed when the Tudor rule had settled down on the land after the tumults of the French wars and the

civil strife of the fifteenth century. As the fifteenth century advanced castle-building ceased. Towns were still walled, but private dwellings in England—for in Scotland and Ireland, as well as on the Borders, the need for defensive buildings was still apparent—gradually dispensed with the visible tokens of the age of insecurity. Battlements became an ornament rather than a protection. Moats were no longer dug, though here Wolsey kept up the fashion of the former age, and before the great gate of his house had a deep and wide ditch with a drawbridge of the ancient sort. The details of the houses followed the principle which had begun to rule their general appearance. Windows were made much larger all through the century, till with the sixteenth century we have the great windows which are so characteristic of the building of the Cardinal and the King. The great dining-hall declined, though in houses of much state it survived, as at Hampton Court, in much of its old splendour. The custom of the great men dining in common with their households was dying out, as More's "Utopia," in its plea for a common hall and common hospitality, so clearly shows. On the other hand, the comforts of the individual were far more carefully attended to. The first court of Wolsey's great building consists entirely of guest-chambers. The lavish decoration within attempted to counterbalance the economy of architectural detail without. Windows, in which the tracery no longer excites admiration by its beauty and grace, were filled with rich glass and overhung



West Front and
Trophy Gates.

by heavy curtains of magnificent stuffs. Tapestries covered the walls; and of these at Hampton Court splendid specimens survive.

III

Of the external grandeur of the building which Wolsey designed, perhaps the best impression can be obtained from the roofs, or from the north-west of what was once the tilt-yard. The extent of the buildings is amazing, and the dignity and magnificence of the design is no less impressive. The palace, says Mr. Law, "covers eight acres, and has a thousand rooms."¹

Such a general view as is obtained from the roof gives an impression which is certainly not lost when the details are observed, and when the Palace is inspected at leisure.

IV

We pass through the "trophy gates"—poor specimens of the early Hanoverian age at its least interesting epoch—into the outer Green Court, by the unattractive barracks at the left (which may have been stables in their earliest history), to the great Gate-house. On each side project the beautiful buildings, with their fine windows, picturesque turrets, and the dull red of

¹ "History of Hampton Court Palace in Tudor Times," p. 49.

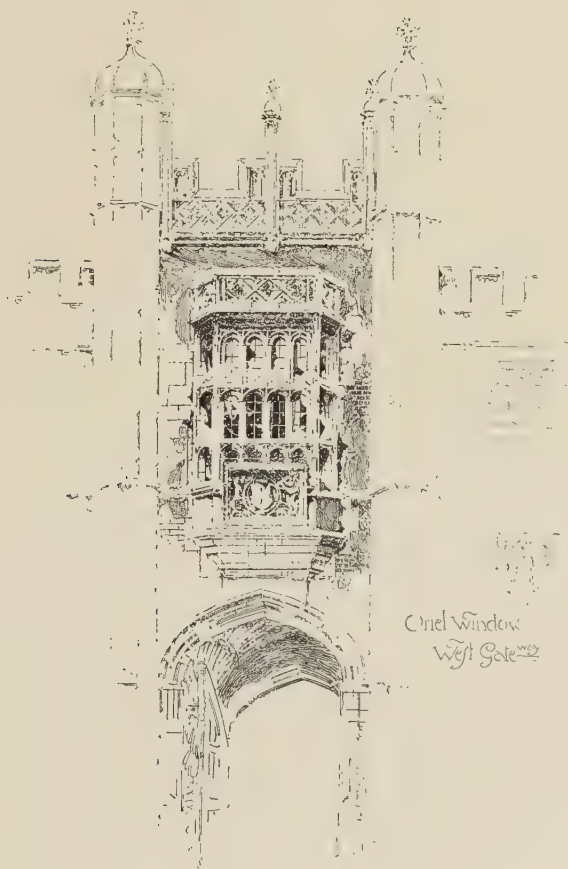
the bricks intermingled with lines of black, in which now live the chaplain and others on the north, and on the south Her Royal Highness Princess Frederica of Hanover.¹

The little gardens, the creepers here and there, set off the old buildings well. But the dignity of the building, as Wolsey designed it, is gone. The great gate itself has no longer its five storeys and its pinnacles with their lead cupolas, but has dwindled, under a restoration of George III.'s, to three storeys and towers that rise but slightly over the adjacent building. But from the first the tall chimneys strike the eye. They, too, it is plain, in most cases are restorations, but restorations according to the exact pattern of the originals. Each of them has its pattern, and the different coloured bricks, where they are preserved, add a peculiar distinction to the lofty clusters, which become an ornament where a less skilful arrangement would have disfigured the court.

Through the great gate, with its groined ceiling, we pass into the first or Base Court. This at once strikes the visitor as being very low on the north and south in proportion to the high Gate-house and Clock-tower. This effect would not have been so noticeable had the cupolas with which the smaller turrets were decorated

¹ Part of this was at one time the residence of the "Lady house-keeper," an official of great pomp, while the rooms at the south-west are said to have been those long dwelt in by Mistress Pen, foster-mother to King Edward VI., whose ghost, they say, still haunts the precincts.

remained *in situ*. It is increased also by the tall span of the roof of the great hall, with its greater Perpen-



dicular window, seen to the left as the court is entered from the gateway.

There is no better specimen in England than this court of what is loosely called the early Tudor style of domestic architecture. It is the exact reverse of formal or tame in colour and design. It is sombre in tone yet warm—the introduction of darker coloured bricks at intervals adding in a very marked way originality and variety. The design discards uniformity. On three sides (broken, however, by the Gate-house), the windows are ranged at regular intervals and are of the same size, and there are only two storeys. But on the third side, the east, the line is broken not only by the Clock-tower, but by a variety in the arrangement of the windows, and the building is of three storeys.

The court is particularly homely. The grass shows up the fine dark red of the buildings very happily, and the whole air of it is like that of some quiet college in one of our Universities. The interior of the rooms show something of the old plan of “double lodgings” of which Cavendish speaks. Here were the great chambers for the foreigners, and the great persons of the court, whom Wolsey so freely entertained.

Details of the work are interesting, such as Henry VIII.’s arms below the great oriel window on the gateway tower, and the arms and initials of Edward VI. on the two turrets near.

From the Base Court, which is practically all Wolsey’s work, we pass to the much more composite series of buildings within the Clock-court. We enter by what is called Anne Bullen’s gateway, which has a restoration of what was once a beautiful groined roof. In the



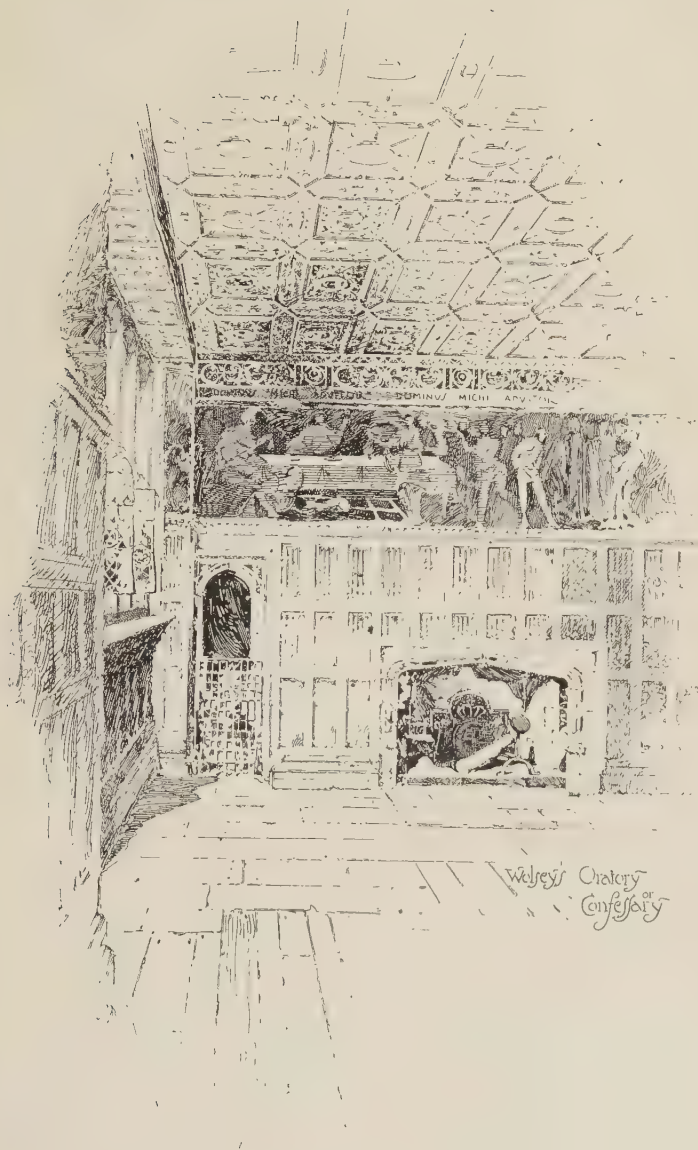
quatrefoils of the centre are the badges of Anne, and her initial joined in a true love-knot with that of Henry VIII. At the left goes up the staircase to the great hall. The exterior of the hall takes up the whole of the north side of the court. Low down are small windows, which light the cellars, then a great expanse of wall below the great windows. Between each window rise strong buttresses, which pass above the battlements and terminate in small pinnacles. At the east end of the north side are the two large windows of three lights which go from floor to ceiling of the dais. The hall is Henry VIII.'s work, not Wolsey's.

The Clock-tower behind has Wolsey's arms, and the rooms of the Cardinal himself stretched along from the Clock-tower to the southern extremity of the building. These are all now in private occupation. They preserve not a little of their ancient features of interest. The fine mullioned windows, the rich panelled ceilings, often gilded and highly coloured, the decorations recalling the Cardinal's own living in them—the hat, crosses, and poleaxes, the motto “*Dominus Michi Adivtor*”—the charming panelling of different forms of the linenfold pattern, preserve the appearance of the rooms when their great builder still lived in them. There is one delightful room, rich with no inconsiderable remnants of beautiful decoration,—it has been identified with the “Confessary,”—which is especially interesting for its preservation of the ancient features.

The “Confessionary,” as Horace Walpole calls it in

his "Anecdotes of Painting," has only recently been rediscovered, and it has been restored under the direction of Sir J. C. Robinson, and opened to the public. Of its extremely interesting paintings this is not the place to speak, but we may here notice the excellent "linen-scroll" pattern panels which have been collected from other parts of the Palace to cover the walls, and the splendid decorated ceiling. A private oratory for the Cardinal himself it may well have been. The fireplace would not conflict with this idea. It would be the room where he retired alone to pray or to make confession. His public devotion demanded and received, according to the idea of the time, a more stately setting.

A curious and happy variety has been formed by the restoration of this charming little Tudor room, which is now called "Cardinal Wolsey's Closet," close to the communication gallery and the Queen's great staircase. The ceiling, with its beautiful panels highly decorated, and a cornice of rich design, is in effective contrast to the sprawling goddesses of La Guerre, a few feet away. It is a delightful reminder of the sixteenth century amid the surroundings of the eighteenth. Here Wolsey and George II. touch each other. We find ourselves again, when we seem to be yet in Wren's buildings, after all among the original work of the second court.



Wellesley Oratory
Confessory

V

In strange contrast to the rooms of Wolsey, without and within, is the colonnade built by Wren on the south side of the court. Even the most loyal admirers of the great man's work may be pardoned if they regret its conjunction with the late domestic Gothic and the Perpendicular windows to south, east, and north. Seven Ionic columns, entablature, balustrade, every classic adornment which may cheerfully consort with William III. in a toga and a laurel wreath, or George II. disguised as a Roman general, are hardly in keeping with the great hall of Henry VIII. But the colonnade in itself is stately, graceful, perfectly proportioned. Some entrance there must be to the great staircase, which is a magnificent example of the great master's power.

The contrast with the old work is carefully made as little offensive as possible. Wren might have built a complete Palladian façade. He preferred to give as little of new work as he could. Historical continuity, indeed, can only be obtained at a price; and we may be thankful that the continuous occupation of Hampton Court for three centuries has given us no more abrupt contrasts than this.

Of the details of the court much might be said, but the artist can best picture them. The great astronomical clock itself, dated 1540, and made for

Henry VIII., is as much an enigma to the ordinary visitor as it is probably a terror to those who live near it.¹ The ornamental work about the first two courts is also of great interest. The most striking feature is the series of terra-cotta busts of the Roman emperors, executed by Gian da Maiano—"rotundæ imagines ex terra depictæ"—that, is, circular portraits of terra-cotta in relief, designed by their artist for "Anton Court." They are medallions surrounded with rich borders, and are still but little damaged, and of very great artistic interest. Decorations they are rather of an Italian palace than of an English Gothic house, and strange they look against the flat, undecorated Tudor brickwork. The ugly shelters that protect them from the weather are an indication of their exotic character. But they are one of the most

charming features of the place. The finest, perhaps, is the medallion of Otho, in a helmet, on the right hand of the inner tower opposite the clock. The beautiful terra-cotta, too, of Wolsey's arms under the clock should not be forgotten; it is perhaps by the same artist.

The numerous side-courts to the north, with quaint stairways, massive roofs, dark corners, beautiful pro-

¹ An elaborate explanation is given by Mr. Ernest Law in his admirable guide-book.



jecting buttresses, and windows and gables, and every sort of delightful surprise, must be examined in detail. At every turn the artist finds a subject, and his description says what words cannot say. The Lord Chamberlain's Court, the Master-Carpenter's Court, the Court near the Great Kitchen, the Back Court, the Chapel Court, and others, have each their charm. And the Great Kitchen itself, with its high roof and its grand open space, like a great hall, its hatches, and the approaches to it, form a series of characteristic pictures. So we turn back to the Clock-tower, and mount the stair from Anne Bullen's gate.

VI

The Great Hall itself, with the rooms that open from it, forms the most magnificent series of interiors that the Palace now presents. The hall was begun when Wolsey was dead. The Record Office contains all the accounts of its making, of the expenses of material and work, and even of every piece of painting and carving. It was hurried on with all the impetuosity of the King in seizing every pleasure with rapidity.

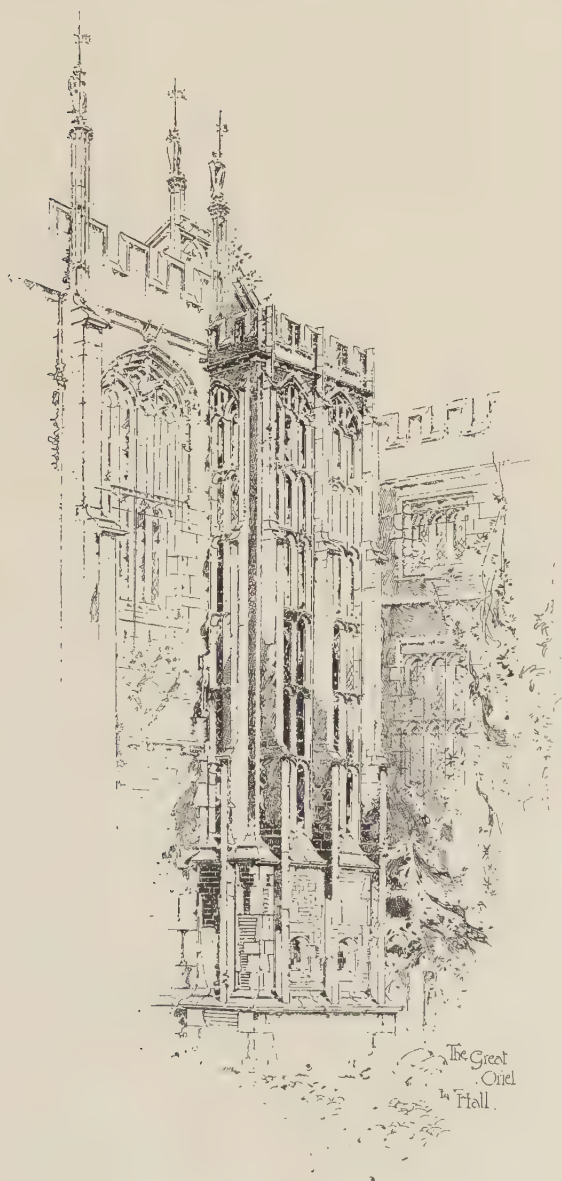
The staircase that leads up from Anne Bullen's gateway corresponds to another stair leading on the other side from the kitchen, as in the arrangement of many college halls, notably Merton College at Oxford.

The hall is entered through a screen of dark oak, above which is the Minstrels' Gallery.

By two points the visitor is immediately struck as he enters the hall—its size and the magnificence of the roof. The latter is what is called a single hammer-beam roof, divided into seven compartments. The beams are terminated by elaborate pendants, 4 feet 10 inches long, very rich in ornament, fleur-de-lys, and *putti*, animals, and conventional flower designs. The springs of the side arches, again, are elaborately ornamented. The spandrels have the arms of Henry and Jane Seymour. The “Louvre” has disappeared, but otherwise the roof is much as it was when Henry’s last wife was proclaimed queen in 1543. The whole effect is one of exceeding richness, especially since the colour has been restored with a more than Tudor profuseness.

There seems some doubt as to whether the daïs which now exists is original, or rather whether there was originally a daïs at all.¹ Some have considered that the hall marks the period at which dining in public had died out, and that the King dined in the room at the east end, sometimes called the “Withdrawing-chamber.” But this is almost certainly an error. The hall rather emphasises an attempt to restore or to revive the public dining, and the large

¹ “In Hampton Court Palace there is a dining chamber at the upper end of the hall, and no daïs; and although the present floor is not original, the levels of the different doors show that the original intention has been followed.”—*Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages*, vol. iii. part 1, p. 78.



The Great
Oriel
Hall.

window at the south-east was evidently intended to light the daïs. It was here, tradition says, that Surrey the poet wrote with a diamond some lines on the fair Geraldine.

From the hall we pass into the Withdrawing-room, more properly named the Great Guard or Watching-chamber. By this, access to the great hall was obtained from the royal apartments, which in Henry's day extended to the east of the Clock-court. Here the guards waited, and through this passed the applicants for an audience. It forms really an ante-chamber to many different parts of the Palace—to the Queen's lodgings, the "haunted gallery" and chapel, to the Horn-room, which leads to stairs down to the kitchen, as well as to the King's rooms. The room is over sixty feet long and nearly thirty wide, and its height is twenty-nine and a half feet. It is thus in striking contrast to the great hall. Its low flat ceiling, with oak pendants with the arms of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour, is full of character and richness. The old tapestry still hangs on the walls, and the room is chiefly lighted by the great bay window, which extends to the whole height.

From the Watching-chamber the Horn-room is entered. Through this the dishes were brought up to the high table on the daïs of the hall. The three rooms together give the happiest example left in England of a great dwelling-place of Henry VIII.'s day.

VII

So, leaving the Tudor buildings of their different dates, we pass to the complete contrast of the new Fountain Court. The second court had after Elizabeth's day been called by that name, but when the fountain was removed from it, and Wren's new building rose on the site of the old Cloister Green Court, the title was transferred.

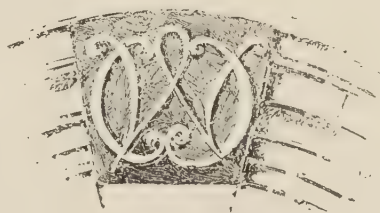
It is late in the day to enter the lists in defence of Wren. Critics must be content to differ. Some may think that these buildings have "an air of pretentious meanness," while others raise perpetual protest against any architecture but Gothic as unnatural in "these realms." But Wren's work, as we see it at Hampton Court, seems to many almost the perfection of colour in the contrast of white and red, and as the most comfortable, and at the same time stately and dignified, style of domestic architecture for an age which demands both dignity and comfort. The design of the Fountain Court as seen from within consists of four storeys resting on broad classical arches supported by square piers. The first feature that attracts notice, here and in the outside facing parks and gardens, is the exactness of the proportions. The three rows of windows exactly correspond, and cover the space marked out for them by decoration on the centre of the arches. The columns fall exactly below the space which is unrelieved by light.



Fontaine Court

The first floor consists of the state apartments. Above is the half-storey, or entresol, the windows of part of which light the larger state-rooms, while the others, as those of the top storey, belong to private apartments. The design of the whole is as simple as it is regular. The decoration, on the other hand, where it occurs, is elaborate and rich. The lion-skins round the windows, the flowers within the arches, are carved with that stately conventional grace which is one of the most prominent points of the work of this period. The cloisters are admirably proportioned, cool on the hottest day, and shaded from wind and rain, which too often in a cloister renders one side, at least, useless in a storm. The whole is surmounted by a high balustrade.

In the west cloister is the door which admits to the room which Wren himself used while the work was being carried on. Over the doorway are his initials. On the south wall, within the circular spaces of the half-storey, are insignificant and almost obliterated frescoes of La Guerre. Decoration does not destroy the air of comfort, of homeliness, of a stately seclusion, that reigns in the court. It is above all things a living house that he has built; nothing too great or good for human nature, but a home.



Wren's
Monogram
Fountain Court

If the court, when viewed from the cloister, appears somewhat small, the effect of the east and south fronts is entirely the reverse of this. There was compactness; here is size and magnificence.

Through the cloister at the middle of the eastern side we enter, under the state-rooms, into the great Fountain Garden. Here the design of William III. to rival Versailles becomes at once apparent, as the trees and canals stretch out in vistas before the eye.

But of the gardens we do not now speak. We turn rather to examine the great front of Wren's building, which shows more than any other part of the Palace the impressive dignity of his design. Formal it is certainly, and geometrical, the work of an accurate draughtsman, whose eye was ruled, it might seem, by mathematical calculations. But it is impossible to deny the magnificence of the plan. It were absurd to compare it with Wolsey's front, the characteristic excellences of each are so distinct and different. It is the most important specimen of Louis Quatorze architecture that we have in England. It should be compared with Versailles; and it will bear the comparison. But inappropriate though the thought may be, I cannot but confess that it makes me think also of the Italian palaces which were raised in the fifteenth century, like the Strozzi Palace at Florence, or the sixteenth or seventeenth century palaces of Florence and Genoa, and it seems to me that Wren's building has a variety and attractiveness which the others lack. In Hampton Court Wren brought this

particular style, Neo-classic, or what you will, to perfection. The buildings are impressive, distinctly decorative, and unmistakably comfortable.

On this east front the white of the windows, the pediments, and balustrade, of the carved trophies, flowers, fruit, *putti*, and all the paraphernalia of the craftsmen of the age, is in striking but never startling contrast to the rich red of the bricks. There are here some wonderful specimens of under-cutting in stone,—the carved keystones of the windows of the ground-floor looking over the gardens, with the initials of William and Mary intertwined under a crown. The effect of this is now often lost because the birds' nests inside them are allowed to remain. The whole front has a brightness which the English climate indisputably needs. One might be saddened by the solemn court of Wolsey, but Wren's work, if it could be monotonous, could never be depressing.

The south front, which looks upon the private garden, is slightly varied from the design of the east. It is, very slightly, less long; it has two projecting wings, each of the space of four windows, and the central compartment has not the same rich pediment or abundant decoration. At the west end the building joins Wolsey's work, the window of Queen Elizabeth. And the contrast is striking if not particularly pleasing; for Wren's work, it must be admitted, here (as in S. Mary's Church at Warwick) does not look at its best in conjunction with another style.

If Wren was always impressive in his exteriors, his

interiors can hardly be denied to be admirably suited for the conventional courtesies of an eighteenth-century household.

The King's great staircase has all the features essential to a ceremonial—width, regularity, and a view of the whole from any part. Verrio's decorations, gods and goddesses, nymphs and muses, in the most inartistic and unedifying combination, must be seen to be sufficiently disliked. But a fine doorway at the top of the stairs admits to the Guard-chamber, a fine lofty room, decorated with arms set up in Wren's day by the gunsmith Harris. It were tedious to describe room after room as it is entered. Some general points apply to all. The wood-work is frequently by Grinling Gibbons, and is always light, delicate, attractive. Other work is by Gabriel Cibber, notably the "insculpting the Relievo on the Tympan of the great Frontispiece"—the triumph of Hercules over Envy—which is the central decoration of the east front outside. Every room, except possibly the little chapel near the Queen's bathing-closet, is adequately, indeed admirably lighted. The decorations of the rooms, fine chandeliers of silver or glass, rich chairs, beds and canopies of state, are almost all of William III.'s date. Queen Mary's own work has been removed, but the richest work in damask, silk, and velvet is of her time or Anne's. The ceilings are frequently painted, whether by Verrio or Thornhill. The ill success of most of these laborious efforts does not condemn a method of decoration which may be an



South front
Privy Gardens.

eminently suitable completion to a scheme of decoration which includes ceiling as well as walls. The idea was not unhappy, but the execution was too often inferior.

The great galleries—the Queen's, which is eighty-one feet long by twenty-five broad, and the King's, which is a hundred and seventeen feet long and twenty-four wide, and was built for the Raffaele cartoons, and the communication gallery, connecting the King's and Queen's apartments,—are magnificent rooms, which break the monotony of the smaller suites with their decorations all very similar to each other. It is to be observed, further, that the state-rooms, now hung with pictures and tapestry, and open to the public, by no means exhaust the building. There are numerous small rooms and staircases which are not open, but which, when all the rooms were used by the courts, must have agreeably varied what would otherwise be a somewhat stiff series of too uniformly dignified apartments. It was not necessary then to pass from room to room, as the visitor passes now, to get from one end of the court to another. Passages of communication are frequent; and the reproach which is sometimes directed against Wren's building of a sacrifice of comfort to dignity is undeserved.

VIII

When we turn back to look at the great Palace as a whole, we are met at once by the fact that we cannot adequately consider Wolsey's buildings to-day in the light in which he intended them to be viewed. Time and change have altered their whole setting. Not only is the Cloister Green Court, and not a little beside it, pulled down, but the outer buildings and the surroundings generally are entirely altered. The tilt-yard, for instance, is barely recognisable. The charming tower that stands in the midst of the east side is but a reminiscence.

And if we do not see Wolsey's buildings and Henry VIII.'s as they left them, neither do we know what they were designed to be. We have no full plans; and more than that, the name of Wolsey's architect has yet to be discovered, though perhaps it is not undiscoverable. Masters of the works and clerk comptrollers are mentioned in the accounts; but of the man who made the designs for the splendid building there is no trace. It is by no means improbable that Wolsey himself made the plans, and left the carrying out of details to the skilled workmen of that age of artistic excellence. Eustace Mascall was in 1534 "clerk of the cheque in the King's works at Hampton Court;" but there is nothing to show that he was architect.

When we come to the reconstruction the contrast is great. We know the architect—perhaps the greatest

whom England has produced—and we know, with the minutest detail, the extent of his plans.

In the office of Her Majesty's Board of Works, and in the Library of All Souls' College at Oxford, are preserved probably the whole of the drawings and memoranda that Wren made for his work at Hampton Court. From these, if not from the somewhat precarious evidence of Defoe, we learn what was the intention of the King and his architect. "I have been assured," Defoe writes in his "Journey from London to the Land's End" (1724), "that had the peace continued, and the King lived to enjoy the continuance of it, His Majesty had resolved to have pulled down all the remains of the old building (such as the chapel and the large court within the first gate), and to have built up the whole Palace after the manner of those two fronts already done. In these would have been an entire set of rooms for the receiving, and, if need had been, lodging and entertaining any foreign prince, with his retinue; also offices for all the Secretaries of State, Lords of the Treasury and of Trade, to have repaired to for the despatch of such business as it might be necessary to have done there upon the King's longer residence there than ordinary; as also apartments for all the great officers of the household; so that had the house had two great squares added, as was designed, there would have been no room to spare, or that would not have been very well filled."

Another Versailles it would have been, so far as William could make it; and the parks and gardens

had already put on an air suited to the new design. How much the taste of the age approved this may be seen by what Defoe adds a little later, speaking, even if he be himself ironical, most unquestionably the sentiment of his day.

“When Hampton Court will find such another favourable juncture as in King William’s time, when the remainder of her ashes shall be swept away, and her complete fabric, as designed by King William, shall be finished, I cannot tell; but if ever that shall be, I know no palace in Europe, Versailles excepted, which can come up to her, either for beauty and magnificence, or for extent of building and the ornaments attending it.”

The plan drawn up by Wren in 1699 shows less the extent of the destruction contemplated than the sumptuousness of the new scheme. The great approach was to have been through Bushey Park, by the Lion Gates, to a new entrance court, which would have been 300 feet long by 230 feet broad. All the buildings on the north side up to the great hall would have been swept away. The great hall itself was to have been the entrance to the Palace. Great flights of steps and a fine colonnade were to have led to it. From the hall itself was to have been the entrance to the rest of the Palace, to the Clock court directly, and by intercommunication to all other parts.

Wren did not confine himself to a general design. Every detail, it is hardly too much to say, passed under his eye. An estimate, dated April 2, 1699,

shows how minutely he had entered into the internal as well as the external arrangements. He states the stone required for the stairs, the "iron rayles of good worke," while the wainscoting, and even the sewers and the smoking-room to the Guard-chamber are considered.

From 1689 to 1718, it may be said that Wren was more or less actively concerned with building and with supervision of Hampton. In that last year, when he was eighty-five, he was dismissed from the post of Surveyor-General of the Works. Still with his mind unclouded, with a character which resisted all attempts to belie it, he passed his last year "principally in the consolation of the Holy Scriptures, cheerful in solitude, and as well pleased to die in the shade as in the light."

Wren's work at Hampton Court is the best memorial of his power as a domestic architect. It suffers to some extent from cramped surroundings, and from his design never having been completed. It is probable, too, indeed certain, that in some instances he altered his plans by the direct orders of William and Mary. But still, with its faults and incompleteness, it is the greatest example of the adaptation of the Louis Quatorze style in England, and it is a monument worthy of a great man. With Wren's life and with the accession of the House of Hanover there passed away the chance of creating a great English palace such as our sovereigns, unlike the great Continental monarchs, have never possessed. The

age of palace-building passed away. The two great English architects, Inigo Jones and Christopher Wren, tried their hands at two palaces—the new Whitehall and the new Hampton Court, but neither was completed, and the day went by.

IX

From Wren's day to our own, conflicting opinions have been held of his alterations at Hampton Court. A reaction soon set in against his work, led by Horace Walpole, who lost no opportunity of sneering at the style, while he excused the architect. His own eccentric ideas of Gothic forced him to condemn work which he understood even less than the medieval methods which he affected to adore. He speaks of Wren's work in a tone of lordly superiority, as an imitation of the "pompous edifices of the French monarch." The author of the "Beauties of England and Wales" in 1816 gives a still more severe judgment. He compares Wren's work with Wolsey's, and adds, "So long as those impressive vestiges exist, assuredly it will be lamented that a British monarch did not preserve a consistency of English style in the most extensive palace appertaining to his crown, or did not, on another site, raise an edifice equally sumptuous in style, purely and uniformly classical."

Wren's work rises superior to such criticisms. Seen from the Long Canal, or the House Park, or from the Thames, it establishes its claim to be called an impressive English palace, as characteristic of its age, as is Wolsey's work of the early sixteenth century.

CHAPTER II

HAMPTON COURT IN HISTORY

1. The creation of Wolsey's house : its magnificence under Elizabeth.
—2. A long popular dwelling-place of English rulers : two names most prominent among its makers : Wolsey and William III. : Wolsey's greatness : as Statesman and Churchman : his achievements and his failure : the closeness of his connection with Hampton Court : the business transacted there : the King's constant visits and familiarity : Cavendish on his sudden appearances, and on the masque of foreign men : the festivities at the King's coming : Shakespeare's use of this in *Henry VIII.* : the gift of the Palace to the King : lodgings for King and Queen, and for Anne Bullen : treaties and ambassages : the reception of the French Envoys in 1527 : Cavendish's description thereof : the Frenchmen fain to be led to their beds : Wolsey's fall.—3. Henry in possession : his new building : he hears of Wolsey's death from Cavendish : Henry and Anne Bullen at Hampton Court : Anne gives way to Jane : birth of Edward Prince of Wales : his baptism and his mother's death : Anne of Cleves : Catherine Howard : Catherine Parr.—4. Edward VI. : honeymoon of Philip and Mary : Mary's needlework and that of her mother : the poet of the needle.—5. Scandals about Queen Elizabeth : her personal appearance : a Pomeranian's account of her state : her many guests : Paul Hentzner : his account of the Palace in 1598 : revels, and the boiling of brawnes : the Queen's last visit.—6. James I. : masques and revels : visitors from Denmark and Germany : Queen Anne : Charles I. and his pictures : his counsellors : his last visit before the troubles : his sojourn after Naseby : Sir Thomas Herbert's account : Cromwell watching

King and Parliament : Charles's escape : Cromwell's occupation of the Palace.—7. The Restoration : Charles II.'s life at Hampton Court : his marriage : his Court.—8. The Beauties of the Court : characteristics of Lely's work : the history of the ladies.—9. Charles and Verrio : James II.—10. William III. : was he a hero : the greatness of his surroundings : his diplomacy : the succession : his private character : his grant of lands to his favourites : the de Witts : Glencoe : his unpopularity : his unconstitutional action.—11. His work at Hampton Court : Queen Mary and Kneller : the Beauties : other portraits : William's fondness for Hampton Court : Anne's sad memories there.—12. George I. : his plays : Defoe's account of the Palace.

I

THE history of Hampton Court begins with Thomas Wolsey. The manor appears in Domesday. It changed hands in medieval times not less often than other estates. From the possession of the Prior and Knights of S. John of Jerusalem it passed by lease in 1514 to Wolsey, who chose the site for a country-seat after consultation with many learned leeches, who testified with one voice—which posterity has re-echoed—to the salubrity of the spot. After his surrender of the lease to the King, the estate became Henry's absolute property by an exchange with the Hospitallers in 1531. From that time it has been the possession of the English sovereign—even the Commonwealth recognising it as the home of the chief official of the state. By the Act 31 Henry VIII. cap. 5, the King's manor of Hampton Court was made an honour, "and

a new chase thereto belonging." Of these matters let lawyers speak ; for us, its architecture and history are the sources of its unfading interest.

"There are situated in this county," says Sir Thomas Smith in his treatise "*De Republica Anglorum*,"¹ speaking of Middlesex, "five royal houses, that is to say, Enfield, Hanworth, Whitehall, S. James's, and Hampton Court, which (last) hath the appearance rather of a city than of a prince's palace, being in its magnificence and its splendid buildings second to none in all Europe, built by Wolsey, added to and perfected by Henry VIII."

Such was its splendour, as the chief of all royal palaces, under Elizabeth—the great house of a great queen. How it gained this proud position can be traced in the history of England, as well as in the less abiding memorials of its own architecture.

Something have we seen of the buildings : we turn now to the history of the Palace, and the men who made and lived in it.

II

"A place where Nature's choicest gifts adorn,
Where Thames' kind streams in gentle currents turn,
The name of Hampton hath for ages borne.
Here such a palace shows great Henry's care,
As Sol ne'er views from his extended sphere,
In all his tedious stage."

Hampton Court was for a long time the usual

¹ Ed. Leyden, 1630, p. 36.

dwelling-place of English rulers. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries much of the national history was made there. Councils met, sovereigns cogitated, ministers worked, ambassadors intrigued within the walls. The Palace became a little town, with its foreign inmates as well as its native residents. Hour by hour messengers rode swiftly to and from London, and stately barges bore personages of dignity up the highway of the Thames to the royal court. But amid all the great names that are associated with the famous buildings as we see them now, two stand out conspicuous over the rest—Wolsey and William III. Other sovereigns and other ministers lived there, but to these it was the centre of their lives. Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., Anne, the Georges—these had other dwellings that they loved as well. They made their fame in other places, or left no permanent impression here to become a part of the enduring memories of the most homely of English palaces. Episodes of the lives of other ministers and other sovereigns come to our minds as we walk through the rooms and gardens, but only of Wolsey and of William of Orange can we say that they were creators of Hampton Court, and that the place they created formed a great part of their lives.

As we go through the historical memories of the Palace, then, two names will especially rise up before us. On them we shall linger, and try to master something of their real character and of their place in English history. Other figures, more interesting in

themselves, we may pass lightly by, but the great Cardinal and the stern, silent man who made the English Revolution may well stand for a separate and more extended judgment.

He would be a bold man who would say that



Wolsey was the greatest man of the sixteenth century, or even the greatest Englishman. It was an age of great kings, great scholars, diplomatists, discoverers. Even in England Henry VIII. and Elizabeth left a broader mark upon the national history than did the

Cardinal-minister whose lot it was to stand at the parting of the ways. But Wolsey's services to his country can hardly be too highly estimated. He found her weak, almost the derision of Europe. He brought her again into the politics of the world, if not as a dictator, at least as an arbiter to whose decision and whose will foreign nations listened with respect. As a churchman he might have saved England from a movement which, as a great historical teacher once wrote, came "to ruin Art and divide Society." Himself a scholar of the new learning, an Oxford student at the time when men were rediscovering the old world and delighting in the wonders which the old Greek tongue made plain to them, and in later years a patron of learned men, he was yet, though not untouched by vices which even popes yielded to, a man with a conscience, an ideal, and a rule of life. George Cavendish, worthy man, has left an immortal memorial of him; and historians of to-day have united, with the most secret documents of his diplomacy before them, to acknowledge his honesty and his wisdom. "Thus much I dare be bold to say," wrote his gentleman-usher thirty years after, when he had seen many changes, and a godly and thorough reformation to boot, "to say without displeasure to any person, or of affection, that in my judgment I never saw this realm in better order, quietness, and obedience than it was in the time of his authority and rule, nor justice better ministered with indifferency." He alone, among Englishmen of his age, had a coherent scheme, which should assign to his country a definite

place in European politics, and to her Church a definite place among European Churches, Reformed, Catholic, certainly not Protestant, and as little Ultramontane. And more, he alone had the audacity, the foresight, and the power which might have carried out such a scheme, and have placed the English Church and State where he willed. But against the almost superhuman strength of one man, joined with the complication of Continental changes in a period of fears within and fights without, he could not stand; and with his fall passed the greatness of his master's reign. He had said that men should be careful how they put an idea into Henry's head, for no man could take it out again; and More, a servant no less loyal though less strong, had said that strange things would happen when the lion knew his strength. Both came to feel the truth of their own statements.

The pathos of Wolsey's career is irresistibly connected with Hampton Court. He sought out the place and bought it, and built it, and made all ready that it might be his home. Then his master coveted it, and he gave it up, the most generous of offerings that subject ever made to sovereign. The great house he built remains as the perpetual memorial of his greatness, and of how inextricably his career was bound up with that of his king. We can think of Wolsey at Hampton Court; yet, as we think, our thoughts pass insensibly to Henry VIII.

The Calendars of State Papers for Henry's reign contain many hundreds of references to the house

which Wolsey built; in its earliest stage, while it was still in building, when it was inhabited by the great man who designed it, and when it was handed over to his imperious sovereign. It is hardly too much to say that more of the business of state was transacted there than in any other place during Henry's reign. There is not a great man of the age, English statesman or foreign ambassador, who was not constantly there; Chapuys and Cranmer were as familiar with its courts and passages as were More and Cromwell.

Of Wolsey's life at Hampton Court there are many accounts from friends and enemies alike. All agree that it was ostentatious and magnificent. He desired to impress on foreigners the greatness of England through the visible example of the opulence of the chief minister. Honest George Cavendish says:—"All ambassadors of foreign potentates were always despatched by his wisdom, to whom they had continual access for their despatch. His house was always resorted to like a king's house, with noblemen and gentlemen, with coming and going in and out, feasting and banquetting these ambassadors divers times, and all other right nobly."¹ But the best picture of Hampton Court as it was in Wolsey's day is that which the same worthy gentleman gives when

¹ Printed in Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography," vol. i. p. 357. The edition printed by the late Professor Henry Morley (Morley's Universal Library) was a reprint of Singer's one-volume edition of 1827, which, it seems to me, is not so accurate as that of Dr. Wordsworth, based on the Lambeth MSS., 179 and 250.

he describes how the King himself would of a sudden, as well as when expected, visit his great subject. As he came to More's house at Chelsea, and would walk with him in the garden by the space of an hour, holding his arm about his neck, so he would come to Wolsey, to whom only, as Roper says,¹ he would use similar familiarity. It may well have been at Hampton Court that the scene occurred which Cavenish so prettily describes, and that Shakespeare (or Fletcher) used so happily.²

“And when it pleased the King's Majesty, for his recreation, to repair unto the Cardinal's house, as he did divers times in the year, there wanted no preparations or goodly furniture, with viands of the finest sort that could be gotten for money or friendship. Such pleasures were then devised for the King's consolation or comfort as might be invented or imagined. Banquets were set forth, masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner, that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames, nor damsels, meet or apt to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the place for that time, with other goodly disports. Then was there all kind of music and harmony set forth, with excellent fine voices both of men and children.

“I have seen the King come suddenly thither in a mask, with a dozen maskers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold and fine crimson

¹ Ed. Lumby, p. 15.

² Wordsworth's *Eccl. Biog.*, i. 357-361.

Wolsey's Great Meat
Kitchen



satin *paned*, and caps of the same, with visors of good proportion of visnomy; their hairs and beards either of fine gold wire or of silver, or else of good black silk; having sixteen torch-bearers, beside three drums, and other persons attending them, with visors, clothed all in satin, of the same colour. And before his entering into the hall, ye shall understand, that he came by water to the water-gate, without any noise; where were laid divers chambers, and guns charged with shot, and at his landing they were shot off, which made such a rumble in the air, that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, gentlemen, ladies, and gentlewomen to muse what it should mean coming so suddenly, they sitting quiet at a solemn banquet; under this sort: First, ye shall perceive that the tables were set in the chamber of presence, banquet-wise covered, and my Lord Cardinal sitting under the cloth of estate, there having all his service alone; and then was there set a lady and a nobleman, or a gentleman or gentlewoman, throughout all the tables in the chamber on the one side, which were made adjoining as it were but one table. All which order and devise was done and devised by the Lord Sandes, then Lord Chamberlain to the King; and by Sir Henry Guilford, Controller of the King's Majesty's house. Then immediately after this great shot of guns, the Cardinal desired the Lord Chamberlain and the said Controller to look what it should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They,

looking out of the windows into Thames, returned again, and showed him that it seemed they were noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, coming as ambassadors from some foreign prince. With that quoth the Cardinal, 'I shall desire you, because you can speak French, to take the pains to go into the hall there to receive them, according to their estates, and to conduct them into this chamber, where they shall see us, and all these noble personages being merry at our banquet, desiring them to sit down with us, and to take part of our fare.' Then went they incontinent down into the hall, whereas they received them with twenty new torches, and conveyed them up into the chamber, with such a number of drums and fifes as I have seldom seen together at one place and time. At their arrival into the chamber, two and two together, they went directly before the Cardinal where he sat, and saluted him very reverently; to whom the Lord Chamberlain for them said: 'Sir, forasmuch as they be strangers, and cannot speak English, they have desired me to declare unto you that they, having understanding of this your triumphant banquet, where was assembled such a number of excellent fair dames, could do no less, under the supportation of your Grace, but to repair hither to view as well their incomparable beauty, as for to accompany them at mumchance, and then after to dance with them, and to have of their acquaintance. And, sir, furthermore they require of your Grace licence to accomplish the said cause of their coming.'

To whom the Cardinal said he was very well content they should so do. Then went the maskers, and first saluted all the dames, and then returned to the most worthiest, and there opened their great cup of gold, filled with crowns, and other pieces of gold, to whom they set certain pieces of the gold to cast at. Thus perusing all the ladies and gentlewomen, to some they lost, and of some they won. And perusing after this manner all the ladies, they returned to the Cardinal with great reverence, pouring down all the gold left in their cup, which was above two hundred crowns. 'At all,' quoth the Cardinal, and so cast the dice, and won them, whereat was made great noise and joy. Then quoth the Cardinal to my Lord Chamberlain, 'I pray you,' quoth he, 'that you will show them that meseemeth there should be a noble man amongst them, who is more meet to occupy this seat and place than am I; to whom I would most gladly surrender the same, according to my duty, if I knew him.' Then spake my Lord Chamberlain unto them in French, declaring my Lord Cardinal's words, and they rounding him again in the ear, the Lord Chamberlain said to my Lord Cardinal, 'Sir, they confess,' quoth he, 'that among them there is such a noble personage, whom, if your Grace can appoint out from the rest, he is content to disclose himself, and to take and accept your place, most worthily.' With that the Cardinal, taking a good advisement among them, at the last, quoth he, 'Meseemeth the gentleman with the black beard

should be even he.' And with that he arose out of his chair, and offered the same to the same gentleman in the black beard, with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered then his chair was Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the King's person in that mask than any other. The King, hearing and perceiving the Cardinal so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing; but pulled down his visor, and Master Neville's also, and dashed out such a pleasant countenance and cheer, that all noble estates there assembled, perceiving the King to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much. The Cardinal eftsoons desired his Highness to take the place of estate, to whom the King answered, that he would go first and shift his apparel; and so departed, and went straight into my Lord Cardinal's bedchamber, where was a great fire prepared for him; and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the King's absence, the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the table spread again with new and sweet perfumed cloths; every man sitting still until the King's Majesty, with all his maskers, came in among them again, every man new apparelled. Then the King took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding every person to sit still, as they did before. In came a new banquet before the King's Majesty, and to all the rest throughout the tables, wherein, I suppose, were served two hundred divers dishes of wondrous costly devices and subtilties. Thus

passed they forth the night with banqueting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the King, and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled.

“All this matter I have declared largely, because ye shall understand what joy and delight the Cardinal had to see his Prince and Sovereign Lord in his house so nobly entertained and placed, which was always his only study, to devise things to his comfort, not passing upon the charges or expenses. It delighted him so much to have the King’s pleasant and princely presence, that nothing was to him more delectable than to cheer his Sovereign Lord, to whom he owed so much obedience and loyalty; as reason required no less, all things well considered.”

“This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies : there will be
The beauty of this kingdom.
This Churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us.
His deeds fall everywhere.”

How pleasantly the dramatist uses the description we well remember, with the “Shepherds’ Dance” sounding in our ears as we think of it. He brings Anne Bullen so happily into it—

“By heaven, she is a dainty one”—

though Cavendish tells the tale of the masque as though it happened some while before the King fell before “Venus, the insatiate goddess,” that we may

take leave to follow his example, and think that it was at Hampton Court that the shepherds' pageant assembled.

Be this so or not, certainly Wolsey had not had his house built ten years before Henry coveted it. "Why was it built so fine?" later legend made the King jealously ask; and Wolsey answered that it was to show how noble a house a servant could give his lord. An apocryphal tale, doubtless, though the fact is true enough that before 1526 some foreigners were writing that the great Cardinal had made this great gift, though one was rude enough to say that it was but giving a present at the cost of the recipient—"I'll give you a pig of your own pigstye at your own great cost."

No man dared answer Henry VIII. as the Duc de Montmorency is said by Lord Herbert of Cherbury to have answered. Henri Quatre, when he cast covetous eyes on the magnificent mansion of Chantilly. "He offered to exchange any of his houses, with much more lands than his estate thereabouts was worth; to which the Duke of Montmorency made this wary answer: '*Sieur, la maison est à vous, mais que je suis le concierge*;' which in English sounds thus, 'Sir, the house is yours, but give me leave to keep it for you.'"¹ Yet the French tale describes what actually happened in England, for Wolsey still went on living at the Palace till his fall.

¹ "Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury," ed. Sidney L. Lee, p. 103.



Rooms already had been assigned to the King and the Queen. The entrance to Catherine's rooms may still be seen in the east side of the Clock-court. Henry often made a stay of several days; and hardly had Wolsey been disgraced before Anne Bullen, equivocal though her position was, had her own apartments.

Wolsey himself used the Palace as his chief country retreat, and up to the summer of 1529 was constantly there, in hiding from the sweating sickness, or seeing ambassadors on matters of the first importance. In 1526 and 1527 treaties were signed there. In March 1527 long discussions took place there as to the marriage treaty by which the little Princess Mary, only ten years old, was to be given to the middle-aged *roué* Francis I. Henry was then living in the Palace, with Catherine and Wolsey.¹ When the treaty, seven months later, after that magnificent progress of the Cardinal to Amiens which his usher so lovingly narrates,² was finally ratified, the splendid ambassage—"eighty persons or above of the noblest gentlemen in all France," with Du Bellay and Anne de Montmorency among them—was right royally entertained by Wolsey. And here Cavendish makes it certain that the scene was Hampton Court. Henry would have them entertained with a hunt at Richmond, and then to go on to the Cardinal's house; and mighty were the preparations made to receive

¹ See Brewer, "Reign of Henry VIII.," vol. ii. p. 145, *seq.*

² Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography," vol. i. pp. 408-413.

them. No other passage in the literature of the time gives so clear a description of what the Palace was like at this date, or of Wolsey's manner of entertaining in it, and even now much of the course of the festivities can be traced as we walk through the rooms and the cloisters. Cavendish speaks of what was chiefly his own business, and with a relish which time had not made him forget for the magnificence of the "honest poor man's son," whom "in his life I served." When the King's orders were given, he says, "Then was there no more to do but to make preparation of all things for this great assembly at Hampton Court the day appointed. My Lord Cardinal called before him his principal officers — steward, treasurer, controller, and the clerks of his kitchen, to whom he declared his full mind touching the entertainment of the Frenchmen at Hampton Court; whom he commanded neither to spare for any costs, expenses, or travail, to make them such a triumphant banquet, as they may not only wonder at it here, but also make a glorious report thereof in their country, to the great honour of the King and his realm. His pleasure to them known, to accomplish his commandment they sent out all the caterers, purveyors, and divers other persons to my Lord's friends, to prepare. Also they sent for all their expert cooks and cunning persons in the art of cookery, which were within London or elsewhere, that might be gotten, to beautify this noble feast.

"Then the purveyors provided, and my Lord his

friends sent such provision, as you would wonder to have seen. The cooks wrought both night and day in subtleties and many crafty devices; where lacked



neither gold, silver, nor any costly thing meet for the purpose.

“The yeomen and grooms of the wardrobes were busied in hanging of the chambers with costly hangings, and furnished the same with beds of silk, and

other furniture for the same in every degree. Then my Lord Cardinal sent me, being his gentleman-usher, with two other of my fellows, to foresee all things touching our rooms, to be nobly garnished accordingly. Our pains were not small nor light, but daily travelling up and down from chamber to chamber. Then wrought the joiners, carpenters, masons, painters, and all other artificers necessary to be had to glorify this noble feast. There was carriage and re-carriage of plate, stuff, and other rich implements; so that there was nothing lacking to be imagined or devised for the purpose. There were also provided 280 beds, furnished with all manner of furniture to them belonging, too long particularly here to be rehearsed. But all wise men may and do sufficiently know what belongeth to the furniture thereof, and that is sufficient at this time to be said.

“The day was come to the Frenchmen assigned, and they ready assembled before the hour of their appointment. Wherefore the officers caused them to ride to Hamworth, a place and park of the King’s, within three miles, there to hunt and spend the day until night. At which time they returned again to Hampton Court, and every of them was conveyed to their several chambers, having in them great fires and wine for their comfort and relief, remaining there until the supper was ready. The chambers where they supped and banqueted were ordered in this sort. First the great waiting-chamber was hanged with rich arras, as

all others, were, one better than another, and furnished with tall yeomen to serve. There were set tables round about the chamber, banquet-wise, covered. A cupboard was there garnished with white plate, having also in the same chamber, to give the more light, four great plates of silver, set with great lights, and a great fire of wood and coals.

“The next chamber, being the chamber of presence, was hanged with very rich arras, and a sumptuous cloth of estate, furnished with many goodly gentlemen to serve. The tables were ordered in manner as the other chamber was, saving that the high table was removed beneath the cloth of estate, towards the midst of the chamber, covered. Then was there a cupboard, in length as broad as the chamber, with six desks of height, garnished with gilt plate, the nethermost desk was garnished all with gold plate, having with lights one pair of candlesticks of silver and gilt, being curiously wrought, which cost three hundred marks, and, standing upon the same, two lights of wax burning as big as torches to set it forth. This cupboard was barred round about that no man could come nigh it; for there was none of all this plate touched in the banquet, for there was sufficient besides. The plates that hung on the walls to give light were of silver and gilt, having in them great perchers of wax burning, a great fire in the chimney, and all other things necessary for the furniture of so noble a feast.

“Now was all things in a readiness and supper-time at hand. The principal officers caused the trumpets to

blow to warn to supper. The said officers right discreetly went and conducted these noblemen from their own chambers into the chambers where they should sup. And they being there, caused them to sit down; and that done, their service came up in such abundance, both costly and full of subtleties, and with such a pleasant noise of instruments of music, that the Frenchmen, as it seemed, were wrapt into a heavenly paradise.

“Ye must understand that my Lord Cardinal was not there, nor yet come, but they were merry and pleasant with their fare and devised subtleties. Before the second course, my Lord Cardinal came in booted and spurred all suddenly among them, and bade them *proface*; at whose coming there was great joy, with rising every man from his place. Whom my said Lord caused to sit still, and keep their rooms; and being in this apparel as he rode, called for a chair, and sat down in the midst of the high table, laughing and being as merry as ever I saw him in my life. Anon came up the second course, with many dishes, subtleties, and devices, about a hundred in number, which were of so goodly proportion and costly device that I think the Frenchmen never saw the like. The wonder was no less than it was worthy indeed. There were castles with images in the same; Paul’s church, for the quantity as well counterfeited as the painter should have painted it upon a cloth or wall. There were beasts, birds, fowls, and personages, most likely made and counterfeited; some fighting with swords, some with guns and crossbows, some vaulting and leaping; some dancing



with ladies, some on horses in complete harness, justing with long and sharp spears, with many more devices than I am able to describe. Among all, one noted there was a chess-board made with spiced plate,¹ with men thereof to the same; and for the good proportion, and because Frenchmen be very cunning and expert in that play, my Lord Cardinal gave the same to a gentleman of France, commanding there should be made a goodly case for the preservation thereof in all haste, that he might convey the same safe into his country. Then took my Lord a bowl of gold, filled with hypocras, and putting off his cap, said, 'I drink to the King my Sovereign Lord, and next unto the King your master,' and therewith drank a good draught. And when he had done, he desired the Grand Master² to pledge him cup and all, the which was well worth 500 marks; and so caused all the board to pledge these two royal princes.

"Then went the cups so merrily about, that many of the Frenchmen were fain to be led to their beds. Then rose up my Lord, and went into his privy chamber to pull off his boots and to shift him; and then went he to supper in his privy chamber, and making a very short supper, yea, rather a short repast, returned into the chamber of presence among the Frenchmen, using them so lovingly and familiarly that they could not commend him too much.

"And whilst they were in communication and other pastime, all their liveries were served to their chambers.

¹ ? Paste.

² Anne de Montmorency.

Every chamber had a bason and an ewer of silver, a great livery pot of silver, and some gilt; yea, and some chambers had two livery pots of wine and beer, a bowl and a goblet, and a pot of silver to drink in both for their beer and wine; a silver candlestick both white and plain, having in it two sizes; and a staff torch of wax; a fine manchets, and a cheat loaf. Thus was every chamber furnished throughout all the house, and yet the cupboards in the two banqueting chambers not once touched. Thus when it was more than time convenient they were conveyed to their lodgings, where they rested at ease for the night. In the morning, after they had heard mass, they dined with my Lord, and so departed towards Windsor. They being then departed, my Lord returned again to London, because it was in the midst of the term."

This was the most famous entertainment that the great Cardinal ever gave at his Palace, and it was well-nigh the last. For many months he still continued to transact business of state therein and to receive royal visits. There the first steps of the divorce were anxiously debated. There Wolsey meditated in misery over the first signs of the disgrace that was coming upon him.

On the 26th of November 1529 Campeggio left England, and the divorce proceedings were seen to have broken down. By the same date Wolsey's fall had come. "His misfortunes are such," wrote the French Ambassador, "that his enemies, even though



Great Banqueting Hall, of
Henry VIII

they were Englishmen, could not fail to pity him." So he went piteously, after weary months of sickness and hopes renewed only to be disappointed, at last to his sad end. Anne Bullen's "tablet of gold," which she took from her girdle and sent to him by the hands of Master Doctor Butts, the King's physician, "with very gentle and comfortable words and commendations," would not long deceive the fallen man; for in the lordly house he had built she sat in half-royal stateliness beside the King.

III

Henry entered upon the possession of Hampton Court as soon as he had sent Wolsey into retirement at Esher. He began building at once. His tennis-court may still be seen, though his bowling-alley is not so easily traced. His great hall was soon to rise in the Clock-court. Everywhere he was adding and decorating, and his pleasure in all things ruled the day. His patient wife still had her rooms in the Palace; but daily the mistress stood by the King's side as he shot, or wandered with him on the terrace walks by the river. It was at Hampton Court, at last, that Henry heard the news of his faithful servant's death, and it was from honest Cavendish that he heard it. The day of the burial, when it was all over, at about six in the morning, the loyal servant was sent to tell the King.

"Then went we and prepared ourselves to horse-back, being Saint Andrew's Day the Apostle, and so took our journey to the court, . . . being at Hampton Court, where the King and Council then lay, giving all our attendance upon them for our despatches. And

the next day, being Saint Nicholas' Day, I was sent for, being in Master Kingston's chamber there in the court, to come to the King, whom I found shooting at the rounds in the park, on the backside of the garden. And perceiving him occupied in shooting, thought it not good to trouble him: but leaning to a tree, attending thereunto till he had made an end of his disport. And leaning there, being in a great study, what the matter should be that his Grace should send for me, at the last the King



came suddenly behind me, and clapped me upon the shoulder; and when I perceived him, I fell upon my knee. And he, calling me by name, said unto me, 'I will,' quoth he, 'make an end of my game, and then will I talk with you;' and so departed to the mark where he had shot his arrow. And when he came

there, they were meting of the shot that lay upon the game, which was ended that shot.

"Then delivered the King his bow unto the yeoman of his bows, and went his ways inward, whom I followed; howbeit he called for Sir John Gage, then his vice-chamberlain, with whom he talked, until he came to the postern-gate of his garden, the which being open against his coming, he entered, and then was the gate shut after him, which caused me to go my ways.

"And ere ever I was passed half a pair of butt lengths the gate opened again, and Mr. Norris called me again, commanding me to come unto the King, who stood behind the door in a night-gown of russet velvet furred with sables; before whom I kneeled down, being there with him all alone the space of an hour and more, during which season he examined me of divers weighty matters, concerning my Lord Cardinal, wishing rather than twenty thousand pounds that he had lived. He examined me of the fifteen hundred pounds which Master Kingston moved to my Lord before his death. 'Sir,' said I, 'I think that I can tell your Grace partly where it is and who hath it.' 'Yea, can you?' quoth the King; 'then I pray you tell me, and you shall do me much pleasure, and it shall not be unrewarded.' 'Sir,' said I, 'if it please your Highness, after the departure of David Vincent from my Lord at Scroby, who had the custody thereof, leaving the same with my Lord in divers bags, he delivered the same unto a certain priest, safely to keep to his use.' 'Is this true?' quoth the King. 'Yea, sir,' quoth I, 'without all doubt.

The priest shall not be able to deny it in my presence, for I was at the delivery thereof: who hath gotten divers other rich ornaments into his hands, the which be not rehearsed or registered in any of my Lord's books of inventory or other writings, whereby any man is able to charge him therewith but only I.' 'Well, then,' quoth the King, 'let me alone, and keep this gear secret between yourself and me, and let no man know thereof; for if I hear any more of it, then I know by whom it came out. Howbeit,' quoth he, 'three may keep counsel if two be away; and if I knew that my cap were privy of my counsel, I would cast it into the fire and burn it. And for your truth and honesty ye shall be our servant, and be in that same room with us wherein you were with your old master. Therefore go your ways unto Sir John Gage our vice-chamberlain, to whom I have spoken already to give you your oath, and to admit you our servant in the said room; and then go to my Lord Norfolk, and he shall pay you your whole year's wages, which is ten pounds, is it not so?' quoth the King. 'Yes, forsooth,' quoth I, 'and I am behind for three-quarters of a year of the same wages.' 'That is true,' quoth the King, 'therefore ye shall have your whole year's wages, with our reward, delivered you by the Duke of Norfolk:' promising me, furthermore, to be my singular good lord, whensoever occasion should serve. And thus I departed from the King."¹

The sordid story—Henry's utter absence of real

¹ Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography," i. 547-550.

sorrow for the most faithful and by far the greatest of his ministers, his greedy eagerness for the dead man's money, and the sad hours spent by the faithful Cavendish between Norfolk, Gage, and the lords of the council, cross-questioned and browbeaten about the paltry sum he had left—is truly characteristic of the meanness of the age that was yet so strong. It is a pathetic ending to Wolsey's connection with Hampton Court. The King is transforming it—it is full of his creations, and new monograms and arms on every wall and archway are teaching men to forget who first designed the great house. It is there, in the house he had coveted and at last enjoyed, that the master learns the death of the man who had made the greatness of his reign. “Thus ended the life of the right triumphal Cardinal of England, on whose soul Jesus have mercy!”

How Henry spent his time at Hampton Court, in hunting and tilting, in playing games and making love, Mr. Ernest Law has most happily set forth in his “History of Hampton Court Palace.”¹ And Anne, too, now queen, sat working with her needle when she did not attend the King in the field. But queens were even less abiding than ministers under Henry VIII. In the summer of 1536 the arms of Queen Anne were altered at Hampton Court into the arms of Queen Jane.²

In September 1537 the new Queen came there, and “took to her chamber.” By this time it would seem the new buildings were finished, and on the east front,

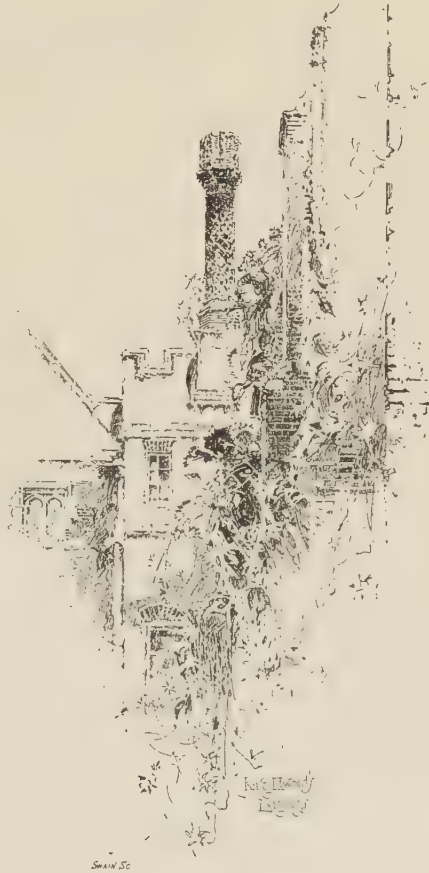
¹ Vol. i. pp. 133-143.

² Ibid., p. 179.

looking on the park and gardens, lay the Queen's lodgings, her long gallery, her private rooms, her bed-chamber. On Friday, October 12, 1537, Edward, Prince of Wales, was born. One of the fascinating riddles which still employ the leisure of the residents in the Palace, which perplex antiquaries, and set up all the bitterness of party division between Dryasdusts and Croftangrys, is to find the room in which the little prince first saw the light. Was he born in the Queen's lodgings, far from the noise of the road and by the quiet garden? or was it in the inner court,—the "fountain court," as it is now,—in those rooms, so handsome, and now so greatly changed from what they were in Henry's days, that are high up in the south-west corner, and adjoin the rooms of Wolsey that looked upon the pond-garden? Or are they those quaint, delightful chambers, with their different levels, their beautiful windows, and the old panels here and there as Wolsey left them, that you mount to by the Clock-tower, and that hear all the clamours of the reverberating hours? Poor Queen Jane must have suffered greatly if it was among these noises that her child was born; and perhaps, too, such a beginning might have accounted for the callousness of the boy-king's unattractive character. The surmise is natural but unfounded. The clock was not set up till 1540.

On the 15th of October 1537 the boy was christened in the chapel, which the King had just finished. On the 24th the Queen died.

The young Prince of Wales was brought up by his good nurse Mrs. Penn—of whom more anon—in the rooms on the north side of the chapel court, which are still one of the most beautiful and unspoilt parts of the Palace. Prince Edward's lodgings have furnished Mr. Railton with one of his most charming subjects. His father was not long in seeking a new happiness in a new wife; but Anne of Cleves, good, honest, "Flanders mare," did not long sojourn in Hampton Court. Catherine Howard, on the other hand, was there for some time, and it was there that her iniquities were discovered. It was in the chapel of the Palace that Henry received the charges from Cranmer. It was in the Queen's lodgings that the unhappy woman was questioned by the councillors. It was in the great



watching-chamber that the public declaration of her guilt was made; and it was at Hampton Court that the King wedded his last wife, Catherine Parr.

We may well hurry over these last years of the brutalised King; their memories, even at Hampton Court, are not fragrant.

IV

Edward VI. had some liking for the place of his birth, though he saw strange scenes there. There was dread of an attack on him, and his uncle held him guarded and the house in a state of siege. But he got rid of his uncle as his father had got rid of his wives, and his reign left no mark on the house. Philip and Mary stayed there for some time after their wedding, and it was there that preparations were made so extensively for the heir of England who never came. There, too, Elizabeth was kept for some time in close ward.

There is one lighter aspect of the time connected with the place. Mary's favourite recreation served to decorate the Palace. Catherine of Aragon, says Lady Marion Alford, had introduced the Spanish taste in embroidery, which was then white or black silk and gold "lace stitches" on fine linen. This "Spanish work," as it was called, continued in fashion under Mary, Catherine's daughter, who was doubly Spanish in her sympathies. She had her needle constantly in her hand, and when Wolsey and Campeggio paid to her their formal visit, she came forth to them with a

skein of red silk about her neck.¹ Her work, as well as that of her mother, is specially commemorated by Taylor, the poet of the Thames and of the needle. "Certaine Sonnets in the Honourable Memory of Queenes and great Ladies, who have bin famous for the rare invention and practise with the Needle," form the second part of his book "The Needle's Excellency, a new booke wherein are divers admirable workes wrought with the Needle. Newly invented and cut in copper for the pleasure and profit of the industrious." (London: 12th edition, 1640.) Two of the sonnets have so special a bearing on the life of the first dwellers in Hampton Court as to be worth quoting entire.² They are the second and third of the series.

The second sonnet is to—

KATHARINE, *first married* TO ARTHUR, *Prince* OF WALES, and
afterward TO HENRY, the 8. *King* OF ENGLAND.

I reade that in the seventh King *Henrie's* Raigne
Fair *Katharine*, Daughter to the *Castile* King,
Came into *England* with a pompous traine
Of *Spanish* Ladies which shee thence did bring.
She to the eight King *Henry* married was,
And afterwards divorc'd, where vertuously
(Although a Queene) yet she her days did passe
In working with the *Needle* curiously,

¹ See the Countess of Wilton's "Art of Needlework," p. 380, and Lady M. Alford's "Needlework as Art." Cf. *Henry VIII.*, act iii. scene 1.

² I am indebted to the kindness of Miss Florence Freeman, herself skilled alike with the pen and the needle, for having called my attention to these quaint verses.

As in the Towre, and places more beside,
 Her excellent memorialls may be seene :
 Whereby the *Needles* prayse is dignifide
 By her faire Ladies, and her selve a Queene.
 Thus for her paines, here her reward is iust,
 Her workes proclaime her prayse, though she be dust.

The third runs thus :—

MARY, *Queene* OF ENGLAND, *and wife to* PHILIP,
King OF SPAIN¹.

Her Daughter *Mary* here the scepter swaid,
 And though shee were a Queene of mighty power,
 Her memory will never be decaid ;
 Which by her workes are likewise in the Tower,
 In *Windsor* Castle, and in *Hampton* Court,
 In that most pompous roome call'd Paradise ;
 Who e'er pleaseth thither to resort,
 May see some workes of her's, of wondrous price.
 Her greatness held it no dis-reputation,
 To take the Needle in her Royall hand :
 Which was a good example to our Nation,
 To banish idlenesse from out her Land :
 And thus this Queene, in wisdom thought it fit,
 The *Needles* worke pleased her, and she grac'd it.

The memorials of Mary Tudor's happier hours have perished, and the tyranny and gloom of her reign, with the intrigue and unscrupulousness of Edward's, have left no permanent mark on the buildings. As we wander through the gardens or the courts, we think, after Wolsey and Henry VIII., of Elizabeth.

¹ This is rather different from the reading in Lady M. Alford's book. I think she may have taken the lines from Miss Strickland's "Life of Mary Tudor."

V

Though Elizabeth is not one of those great English rulers whose lives are associated indissolubly with the Palace, she spent much of her reign there, and it was there, more than anywhere, that the scandals which the State Papers so freely hint at were most notorious. An ingenious writer endeavoured some years ago, before a body of Oxford historical students, to prove that Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, was really Queen Elizabeth's son. The whole scandal belongs to the history—or the legends—of Hampton Court. And so no less do the merry stories of her talks in the gardens with ambassadors, of her secret interviews with eligible suitors; and above all that charming scene, which Sir Walter Scott so much delighted in, when Andrew Melville, baited with questions by the vain woman, at last admitted that Mary, his queen, was the taller. "She is too high," quoth Elizabeth, "for I am myself neither too high nor too low."¹ At Hampton Court much of the tragedy of Mary was unravelled. Elizabeth there was most luxurious, most subtle, most intriguing: the atmos-

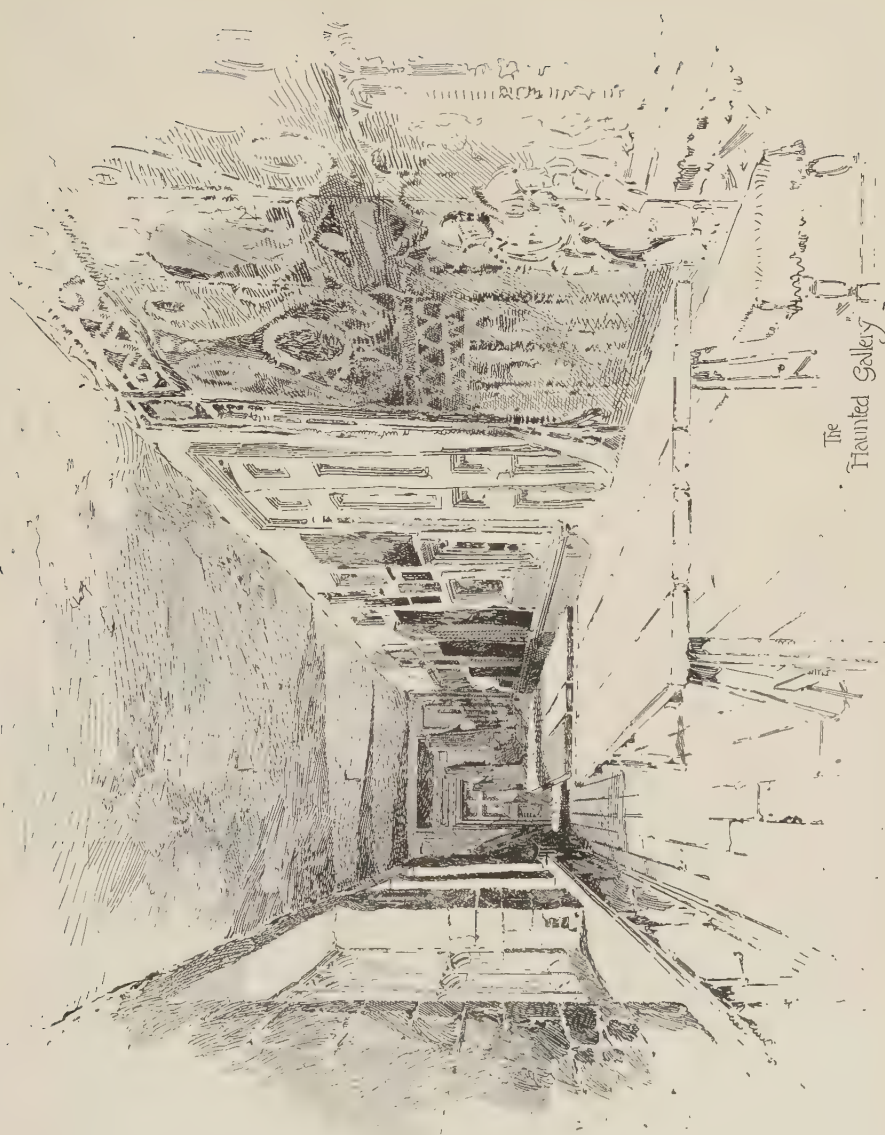
¹ One cannot forget Scott's delightful parallel to this (Diary, December 12, 1825):—"Hogg came to breakfast this morning, having taken and brought for his companion the Galashiels bard, David Thomson, as to a meeting of 'huzz Tivdale poets.' The honest grunter opines with a delightful *naïveté* that Moore's verses are far owre sweet—answered by Thomson that Moore's ear or notes, I forget which, were finely strung. 'They are far owre finely strung,' replied he of the Forest, 'for mine are just reeght!'"

phere of luxury, nowhere so rich as there, seemed designed to cover the plots which were always rife. The astute woman, with her mind seemingly full of hunting, the masks and revels, music, or the gallantry of her servants, was never more astute or more relentless than in those schemes which were there elaborated in council or in secret.

The Palace was the resort of all foreign travellers. A description of the Queen's public appearance there on a Sunday in October 1584 is full of interest. It is written by Leopold von Wedel, a Pomeranian noble who visited England in 1584.¹

"As it was Sunday, we went to the church or chapel which is in the Palace. This chapel is well decorated with a beautiful organ, silver gilt, with large and small silver pipes. Before the Queen marched her lifeguard, all chosen men, strong and tall, two hundred in number, we were told, though not all of them were present. They bore gilt halberts, red coats faced with black velvet; in front and on the back they bore the Queen's arms, silver gilt. Then came gentlemen of rank and of the council, two of them bearing a royal sceptre each, a third with the royal sword in a red velvet scabbard, embroidered with gold and set with precious stones and large pearls. Now came the Queen, dressed in black on account of the death of the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Alençon; on each side of her curly

¹ Printed in *Transactions of Royal Historical Society*, New Series, vol. ix.; edited by Dr. von Bülow.



The
Haunted Gallery

hair she wore a large pearl of the size of a hazelnut. The people standing on both sides fell on their knees, but she showed herself very gracious, and accepted with an humble mien letters of supplication from rich and poor. Her train was carried behind her by a countess, then followed twelve young ladies of noble birth, children of counts or lords, afterwards twenty-four noblemen, called *jarseirer*¹ in English, with small gilt hunting-spears. There are also one hundred of these, though not all on duty at the same time, for they take it in turns. Both sides of the gallery, as far as the Queen walked through it to the chapel, were lined by the guard bearing arms. As the day was almost gone, there was no sermon, only singing and delivering prayers. Then the Queen returned as she had come, and went to her rooms, and when on her passing the people fell on their knees, she said in English, 'I thank you with all my heart.'

We can imagine the scene as we stand now in the "Haunted Gallery," through part of which the Queen would pass into the "royal pew" looking down upon the chapel. But it is not only there that Elizabeth has left her memorials. The fine window that looks out on the privy garden at the end of the south front bears the Tudor rose crowned and the inscription "E.R. 1568."

As to the Palace itself, it is clear that she was

¹ Dr. von Bülow suggests "Yeomen of the Guard:" they were probably lords-in-waiting.

characteristically content not to spend money upon it. She did not add to its external dignity. She was content to decorate it within, with all the luxury she loved — hangings and tapestries, pictures and mirrors. Its reputation was already embellished by fable. Leopold von Wedel says that Hampton Court was not only “very magnificent and beautiful,” but was “considered the largest building in England, for from the distance it has the appearance of a town.”¹ The Emperor Charles and the Prince of Condé lodged here as guests of the Queen of England, both potentates finding room in it with their entire suites (that they had brought with them to England) for lodgment.”

Paul Hentzner, a German lawyer, came to England in 1698 with a young Silesian nobleman whose tutor he was. His description of the Palace, and of the Queen in it, tallies exactly with that of Von Wedel. Everywhere when the Queen passed the people fell on their knees. Her procession to chapel was a state ceremonial. The people cried out “God save Queen Elizabeth,” and she answered, “I thank you, my good people.”² Of Hampton Court itself his description is worth quoting verbatim, both for the impression it gives of the Palace as it was when Elizabeth lived in it, and for contrast with later changes. It is the best account, after Cavendish, of the Palace under the Tudors.

¹ Cf. Sir Thomas Smith, *De Republica Anglorum libri tres*, p. 30.

² Cf. *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society*, N. S. ix. 228.



Group of
Chimneys in
Carpenter's Court

“Hampton Court, a royal palace, magnificently built with brick by Cardinal Wolsey in ostentation of his wealth, where he enclosed five very ample courts, consisting of noble edifices in very beautiful work. Over the gate in the second area is the Queen’s device, a golden rose, with this motto, ‘DIEU ET MON DROIT :’ on the inward side of this gate are the effigies of the twelve Roman emperors in plaster. The chief area is paved with square stone; in its centre is a fountain that throws up water, covered with a gilt crown, on the top of which is a statue of Justice, supported by columns of black and white marble. The chapel of this palace is most splendid, in which the Queen’s closet is quite transparent, having its windows of crystal. We were led into two chambers, called the presence or chambers of audience, which shone with tapestry of gold and silver and silk of different colours. Under the canopy of state are these words embroidered in pearl, ‘*Vivat Henricus Octavus.*’ Here is besides a small chapel richly hung with tapestry, where the Queen performs her devotions. In her bed-chamber the bed was covered with very costly coverlids of silk : at no great distance from this room we were shown a bed, the tester of which was worked by Anne Boleyn, and presented by her to her husband, Henry VIII. All the other rooms, being very numerous, are adorned with tapestry of gold, silver, and velvet, in some of which were woven history pieces; in others, Turkish and American dresses, all extremely natural.

“In the hall are these curiosities :

“A very clear looking-glass, ornamented with columns and little images of alabaster; a portrait of Edward VI., brother to Queen Elizabeth; the true portrait of Lucretia; a picture of the battle of Pavia; the history of Christ’s Passion, carved in mother-of-pearl; the portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, who was beheaded, and her daughter; the picture of Ferdinand, Prince of Spain, and of Philip, his son; that of Henry VIII. Under it was placed the Bible curiously written upon parchment; an artificial sphere; several musical instruments; in the tapestry are represented negroes riding upon elephants. The bed in which Edward VI. is said to have been born, and where his mother, Jane Seymour, died in child-bed. In one chamber were several exceedingly rich tapestries, which are hung up when the Queen gives audience to foreign ambassadors; there were numbers of cushions ornamented with gold and silver; many counterpanes and coverlids of beds lined with ermine; in short, all the walls of the Palace shone with gold and silver. Here is, besides, a certain cabinet called Paradise, where, besides that everything glitters so with silver, gold, and jewels, so as to dazzle one’s eyes, there is a musical instrument made all of glass, except the strings. Afterwards we were led into the gardens, which are most pleasant; here we saw rosemary so planted and nailed to the walls as to cover them entirely, which is a method exceeding common in England.”¹

¹ It is hardly necessary to point out that the account of the pictures bristles with inaccuracies.

The Palace which impressed Hentzner so much was constantly throughout her reign the home of Elizabeth and her court. Her own memories of semi-imprisonment there, relieved by occasional gaieties, or her two attacks of small-pox in 1562, were not bitter enough to blind her to its attractions. Many a Christmas was celebrated there with masques and revels. The accounts once at least show the significant entry "for making of new hearths in the great kitchen at Hampton Court for boyling of brawnes against Christmas." Greedy as she was of money—almost as greedy as she was of praise—Elizabeth was lavish in her expenditure on decoration and on entertainment, and year after year the most sumptuous preparations were made for Christmas festivities. Gradually even the Queen's spirits tired, and in 1598 occurred her last recorded visit to the Palace, "more privately," as her cousin Lord Hunsdon (Mary Bullen's son) wrote, "than is fitting for the time or beseeming her estate." Even then, though she was sixty-five, she is said to have been seen "dancing the Spanish Panic to a whistle and *taboureur*, none being with her but my Lady Warwick."¹ Four years later, after weeks when she would attend to no business but hear only "old Canterbury tales," she passed away.

¹ Quoted by Mr. E. Law from Miss Strickland's "Life of Elizabeth."

VI

James I. visited Hampton Court very early in his reign. Thither, in July 1603, he summoned those who were liable to be called on to be knighted, and his first Christmas was spent there with great pomp. The series of letters from Dudley Carleton to John Chamberlain, happily to be found in the Record Office, which are as characteristic a record of the seventeenth-century court and political gossip, if not as charming, as Horace Walpole's are of the eighteenth century, give many details of gay doings at the Palace. "Male and female masques" were prepared for Christmas, and the great hall was turned into a theatre. Shakespeare, it seems certain, himself played before the King at this festival; and it is thought that *Henry VIII.* was acted in that King's own hall. Six interludes or plays were acted by Hemynge's company, four before the King and two before the young Prince Henry. The climax to the whole was the performance of the masque of the twelve goddesses on January 8, in which the Queen herself played Pallas.

This was but a beginning. Hampton Court under James I. for the rest of the reign, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "delighted in masques and revels sometimes altogether."

If it was dramatic, the Palace was also theological. Elizabeth had been content to go to church in pomp,

and say little of religion to her court. James I. was a theologian, and he delighted in discussion. Thus the Palace saw the famous Conference, and many another wrangle of divines. And, no less than theology, the King enjoyed hunting, and the paths by the Thames-side resounded with the horn.

The coming of Christian IV., his wife's brother, a tall, coarse-looking, bloated man, as he may be seen in Vansomer's large portrait now in the Palace, was an excuse for more revelry; and so again the visit of the Duke of Lorraine's son in 1606, with hunting, hawking, feasting, and the dancing of the "carrante" and the galliard. Otto of Hessen and Ernest of Saxe-Weimar were two other princely visitors, and they were as royally received.

Reminiscences of these days are preserved at the Palace in the curious picture of Henry, Prince of Wales, a big boy in green hunting-dress with an elaborate collar, and the young Earl of Essex; and in the portraits by Vansomer of the King in black and in his royal robes, and of Anne of Denmark, one "in her hunting habit, with a horse and a black-moor, and some five little dogs." Henry's quaint, prim figure is the most interesting of the three. He was not unlike his brother, and with a touch of his father too.

The Queen died at Hampton Court on March 2, 1619, and little of importance occurred there afterwards, though James still drank and hunted and feasted as of old.

Charles I., during the earlier years of his reign, often lived there. There occurred the quarrel as to the Queen's French suite, and thence it was that the King finally despatched the "monsters," as he called them. There, as in his other palaces, he amassed his splendid collection of pictures. In 1639 he had over three hundred pictures there, not least the "Triumph" of Mantegna and the cartoons of Raffaele.

The chief political figures of the reign can be seen by the State Papers to have been often with the King at Hampton. It was there that Laud, then Bishop of Bath and Wells, was made Dean of the Chapel Royal, and there that he made the protest on behalf of an orderly attendance of the King at divine service. "The most religious King not only assented, but also gave me thanks," as he writes in his diary. More than ten years later, it was he who dissuaded Charles from making a great forest between Hampton Court and Richmond, which would have dispossessed many gentle and poor folk. Buckingham, whose portrait, and that of his family, is still in the Palace, Henry Carey, Lord Falkland, whose portrait is also there, and many others, have still some memorial at Hampton Court.

One memorable work did Charles himself: he gave a new and sweet water-supply by the "New" or "Longford" river. Political troubles found the King in his Thames-side Palace. It was there that the Grand Remonstrance was presented, and his leaving the Palace in December 1641 for Whitehall was a

decisive step in the march of events which brought on the Rebellion.

One last visit together did Charles and his "Mary" pay to Hampton Court. It was when the attempt to seize the Five Members had failed, and the Queen herself was in danger, and Charles fled that he might put her, at least, in safety. Charles left London for the last time till he should enter it a prisoner. A hurried ride to Hampton found nothing prepared. King and Queen and their three eldest children had to sleep together in one room. Worse hardships had they all before life was over. A few months later and the royal standard was set up at Nottingham. When Charles left Hampton Court he did not see it again for six years.

It was on August 24, 1647, that Charles, after all the escapes of the war, and the negotiations and intrigues that followed it, after Newcastle and Holmby House, came to Hampton Court, having his state as King for the last time. Sir Thomas Herbert, his faithful groom of the chamber, in the touching memoirs which he called *Carolina Threnodia*, has given a short account of these three months, which is well worth giving in its own simplicity.¹

"About the middle of August the King removed to Hampton Court, a most large and imperial house, built by that pompous prelate Cardinal Wolsey, in ostentation of his great wealth, and enlarged by King

¹ "Memoirs of Sir Thomas Herbert," &c., London, 1702, pp. 33, *sqq.*

Henry the Eighth, so as it became a royal Palace: which for beauty and grandeur is exceeded by no structure in Europe; whether it be the Escorial in Spain, which appears so magnificent by having the addition of a fair monastery dedicated to S. Laurence, wherein live a hundred and fifty monks of the Order of S. Jerome, and hath also a college, schools, and outhouses built by King Philip II., who married our Queen Mary.

“Hampton Court was then made ready for the court, and by Mr. Kinersley, yeoman of the wardrobe, prepared with what was needful for the court. And a court it now appeared to be; for there was a revival of what lustre it had formerly, his Majesty then having the nobility about him, his chaplains to perform their duty, the house amply furnished, and his services in the accustomed form and state; every one of his servants permitted to attend in their respective places; nothing then appeared of discrimination; intercourse was free between King and Parliament, and the army seemed to endeavour a right understanding amongst different parties; also some treaties passed upon proposals presented his Majesty from the Parliament, which gave hopes of an accommodation. The Commissioners also continued their attendance about the King, and those gentlemen that waited at Holmby were by his Majesty's appointment kept in their offices and places; the general likewise and other military commanders were much at court, and had frequent conference with

the King in the park and other where attending him; no offence at any time passed amongst the soldiers of either party; there was an amnesty by consent, pleasing, as was thought, to all parties.

“His Majesty, during these halcyon days, intimated to the Earl of Northumberland that he desired to see his children, who, at that time, were under the government of that nobleman, and then in his house at Sion, which is about seven miles from Hampton Court, in the way to London. The relater, amongst other the King’s servants, followed his Majesty to Sion, which is denominated from the Holy Mount so named near Hierusalem. . . . Here the King met the young Duke of Gloucester and Princess Elizabeth, who, so soon as they saw their royal father, upon their knees they begged his blessing, who heartily gave it, and was overjoyed to see them so well in health and so honourably regarded. The Earl welcomed the King with a very noble treat, and his followers had their tables richly furnished, by his behaviour expressing extraordinary contentment to see the King and his children together, after such various chances and so long a separation. Night drawing on, his Majesty returned to Hampton Court.

“The fairest day is seldom without a cloud; for at this time some active and malevolent persons of the army, disguised under the specious name of Agitators, being two selected out of every regiment to meet and debate the concerns of the army, met frequently at Putney and places thereabouts; who,

of their own accord, without either authority (as some aver) or countenance of the general, upon fair pretences had frequent consultations; but intermeddling with affairs of State, were not unlike those that like to fish in troubled waters, and being men very popular in the army, had thence their impulse and approbation. What the results of councils amongst them was, who was, or by what spirits agitated? Yet about this time the House was rent and the Speaker went unto the army, which soon after marched through London to the Tower, to which was committed the Lord Mayor and other dissenting citizens; in which confusion the King proposing a treaty, the Agitators, in opposition, published a book intituled "An Agreement of the People which concerned his Majesty's Person and Safety." But thence (as was well known) several things in it designed were rumoured, which fomented parties and created jealousies and fears, and by some artifice insinuated, and a representation by letter gave his Majesty an occasion of going from Hampton Court in the night, and in disguise, with two grooms of his Majesty's bed-chamber, Mr. Asburnham and Mr. Legge, as also Sir John Berkeley, and about the middle of November, an. 1647, passed through a private door into the park, where no sentinel was, and at Thames Ditton crossed the river, to the amazement of the Commissioners, who had not the least fore-knowledge of the King's fears or intentions, and no less to the astonishment of the Lords and others, his Majesty's

servants, the Commissioners especially, who in their ignorance expressed great trouble of mind, until the Lord Montague opened a letter his Majesty left upon the table, directed to him, giving a hint of what induced him to hasten thence in such a manner, being for self-preservation, yet kindly acknowledging their civility to his person all along, with his good acceptance of their loyalty and service.”¹

So Herbert tells what is really one of the most dramatic episodes of the Rebellion tragedy. When Charles was removed to Hampton Court from Oatlands, the Independents were in a majority in the House, and the power of the army, if “thinly veiled,”² was practically supreme. The King, however he might seem to have his state, was a prisoner, “and one more stage had been passed on the road which was to end in the enslavement of Parliament.”

When Charles was at Hampton Court the headquarters of the army were at Putney, a convenient point from which both King and Parliament might be controlled. Cromwell, it would appear, was hoping to restore firm government through an alliance with Charles. The position was complicated by the attitude of the Scots Commissioners, who won from Parliament the acceptance of the Presbyterian scheme produced at Newcastle. Parliament was in confusion, and Cromwell and Ireton were urging matters to a crisis, sub-

¹ Cf. the pathetic account of these days in Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs.

² Gardiner, “Great Civil War,” iii. 352.

mitting to Charles the Independent propositions—the “Heads of the Proposals,” which the King readily declared were more to his mind than the establishment of Presbyterianism for three years, which the Newcastle propositions involved.

Excited debates in Parliament revealed only the very different views held by many small parties, with the determination of the majority to put before the King the most unpalatable demands—the command of the militia, the abolition of episcopacy, and the sale of the bishops’ lands. Cromwell was playing a difficult part, which not even his closest friends could understand. Was he, as was said of him at one time, “led by the nose by a couple of vain and covetous earthworms,” or planning the absolute surrender of all power into his own hands through the proved failure of every other body and person to carry on the government, or merely, with an honest and true heart, trying to find the best way out of very pressing difficulties, by a union between the army and the King? He wrote himself of the circumstances in his usual style: “Though it may be for the present a cloud may lie over our actions to those who are not acquainted with the grounds of them, yet we doubt not but God will clear our integrity and innocence from any other ends we aim at but His glory and the public good.”¹ However this may be, the negotiations came to nothing. Cromwell may

¹ Quoted by Gardiner, “History of the Great Civil War,” vol. iii. p. 369.

have been satisfied that there was a possibility of their success: Charles certainly was not. He looked rather for help to a Scottish reaction, which came, but too late.

In different directions schemes sprang up. The Agitators set out one for the recognition of a fundamental law, and the residence of all power "originally and essentially in the whole body of the people of this nation." The "Case of the Army" was utterly rejected by Cromwell, and a long discussion did little to reconcile divisions in the army which seemed to be essential. The "Agreement of the People" proposed a new form of government, which should be based upon religious freedom and amnesty. Cromwell's party rejected it and planned a new constitution. The Scots Commissioners urged Charles to escape while there was yet time, and leave the army to fight out a solution with the constitution-mongers. But Charles, who had all along stood out on one question, the maintenance of the Church in her essential attributes, and to some extent at least in her property, would not break his word. He was on parole, and "till he had freed himself of that, he would rather die than break his faith." But when he refused to renew his promise, the guards were reinforced; officers clamoured for the sacrifice of the King; Cromwell spoke darkly, and kept up long discussions and a hesitating tone, which it is difficult to believe could have had any other object than to let matters develop themselves.

At last Charles prepared to escape, for his life seemed to be in danger. Royalist writers have no doubt that there were designs to murder him, and behind all the plots, in the imagination of some, lay the subtle intrigues of the man who was to rise to a sole and uncontrolled despotism by the murder of the King.

“Twining subtle fear with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope,
That Charles himself might trace
To Carisbrook’s narrow case,
That thence the royal actor borne,
The tragic scaffold might adorn.”

This theory may be rejected by modern criticism, but none the less behind all the intrigues of this tragic episode in the history of Hampton Court does the figure of Cromwell stand as the one which should have the arbitration of the King’s fate.

These months at Hampton Court, the last Charles ever spent there, have a peculiar and pathetic interest. He was able to have two of his children with him in his loneliness: he was able to live with some of the state and dignity of a king: he was able to take pleasure in his own pictures and his own gardens, and in the faithful service of honest men; and he could say, as he too seldom could have said in times past, that “he would rather die than break his faith.”

The rooms Charles occupied at the time were probably those that looked out on the private garden. He lived in public in his state apartments, and it was only the opportunity of a Thursday evening, when it

was his custom to write for some hours in private for the foreign mail, which gave him the chance to escape unperceived.

For the rest, Hampton Court saw no more of the alarms and excursions of the time till 1648, when a skirmish occurred just outside its bounds, in which "the beautiful Francis Villiers," second son to my Lord Duke of Buckingham, King Charles's and King James's dead friend, met his death. In the months that followed the execution of Charles, orders were given for the valuation of all the property at Hampton Court, surveys were made of the boundaries of the Honour, inventories taken of the contents of the Palace. The collection of pictures, which had been Charles's choicest treasure, was sold. Some of the pictures, notably the cartoons of Raffaello and the "Triumph" of Mantegna, were preserved. The house itself remained, it would seem, uninhabited, till, when Cromwell was made Protector, it was given for his use. He had already refused it when the House of Commons in September 1653 had instructed Anthony Ashley Cooper—

"The loudest bagpipe in the squeaking train"—

to offer it him in exchange for New Hall, Essex (the residence in old days of the Colts, from whom came Sir Thomas More's first wife), which he had bought when the Duke of Buckingham's property was sequestered. Now, as a State residence, he entered gladly upon its possession, and between it and White-

hall nearly all the rest of his life was passed. It was in the great hall that he would sit for hours listening to Milton as he played the organ which had been brought from Magdalen College at Oxford. It was in the chapel that his daughter Mary was married to Lord Falconberg. It was in this house that his daughter Elizabeth died. It was there that his own fatal sickness began. After his death it was again nearly being sold. Just before the Restoration it was voted to Monk, and Charles II., when he resumed the crownlands, made him Ranger and Steward of the Honour.

VII

With Charles's return the Palace became once more one of the most constant resorts of the English monarchy. Charles himself was fond of the place. It was there he spent his honeymoon with Catherine of Braganza. But he had other and much more congenial reasons for being happy there. Whatever his reasons, he made Hampton Court as much a home as any of his predecessors.

He rearranged the gardens; he redecorated and refurnished the Palace. But most of all was he interested in the tennis-court. "The King," said a newsletter in the beginning of 1681, "is in very good health, and goes to Hampton Court often, and back again the same day, but very private. Most of his exercise is in the tennis-court in the morning,



when he doth not ride abroad; and when he doth ride abroad, he is on horseback by break of day, and most commonly back before noon.”¹ He was a keen tennis-player, as was his brother James. Pepys notes the servility with which their playing was applauded, and how well it deserved praise: “but such open flattery is beastly.”

However much Charles might be flattered, no one thought it necessary to flatter his poor wife in her strange Portuguese garments, or the wonderful women she brought with her, six ladies, “old, ugly, and proud,” said the severe Lord Chancellor Clarendon, “and incapable of any conversation with persons of quality and a liberal education;” but even they were not above suspicion, from the miserable Pepys at any rate, of the gravest scandal. Catherine soon found that she stood second in the King’s affections to Barbara Palmer, Countess of Castlemaine, and the long struggle which ended in the Queen’s being compelled to receive the mistress as one of her bedchamber women is one of the saddest stories of the dissolute court. Yet for some while the King and Queen lived happily together, and idly; for even Pepys censured their carelessness. “This I take to be as bad a juncture as ever I observed. The King and Queen minding their pleasures at Hampton Court: all people discontented.”

The return of the King’s mother, Henrietta Maria,

¹ Mr. Law quotes this from the (Appendix to) Fifth Report on Historical MSS. (Duke of Sutherland’s MSS.).

to the place of sad memories, made no change in the gaiety of their life at Hampton Court; and the months they had spent there were concluded by a "triumphal progress" down the Thames to Whitehall on the 23rd of August 1662. From that time Charles did not live there constantly, but he often paid visits, and the royal apartments were always ready for him in case of a sudden appearance. During the plague the court remained there for a month, during which Pepys in his diary records a visit.

Charles's court here kept up something of the old stateliness, with all the modern frivolity. Many of the officers of the household were persons who had suffered during the war and the proscription, and were full of memories of the old court ceremonial, and of the antique fashions that the young Cavaliers mocked at. Tobie Rustat, famous as a benefactor to the Universities,—not least to S. John's College, Oxford, where the "loyal lectures" he founded for Royal Oak day and the martyrdom of King Charles were continued till the present century—was under-housekeeper of the Palace, as well as yeoman of the robes to the King. Old Cavaliers, men who had fought at Edgehill and at Naseby, still came, though so often in vain, to make obeisance to the sovereign and to wonder at the new Frenchified manners, and the sad laxity of morals which my Lord Chancellor Clarendon, himself the martyred King's adviser twenty years ago, so much deplored.

VIII

At Hampton Court, less than anywhere else, could men forget that it was the Reign of Beauty. Did not Anne Hyde, the said Chancellor's daughter, herself no great beauty but a kindly, pretty-looking lady, who had risen, in spite of her father's perhaps not too serious protests, to be Duchess of York, with a good prospect of sitting on the throne, commission Peter Lely to paint the ladies whose charms were the admiration of the court, and whose stories, too often, were the gossip of every scandal-monger?

Charming pictures indeed they are, graceful, rich, and with an evidently truthful record of the ladies' manners, as well as their habits as they lived. Lely,—"a mighty proud man," Pepys says, "and full of talk,"—is *par excellence* a court-painter. He had none of the sincerity of Vandyke's best work. He had art, but no pathos; and his art was always artificial, but it was artificial with a freshness and an "air" which Kneller never attained. Rich though he became, even in his own day his merits were not always overrated. A story tells that once a critic said, "How is it that you have so great a reputation when you know, as well as I do, that you are no painter?" "Maybe," the artist answered, "but I am the best you have got." And it is so with the portraits he has left us.

The best memorial of "good King Charles's golden

days" is to be found to-day at Hampton Court. In what is called "William the Third's State Bedroom"—a room decorated under Wren's own direction, with Verrio's painful ceiling of Endymion in the arms of Morpheus admired by chaste Dian, plumply patronising,



and with the beautiful carvings of Grinling Gibbons—are the "Beauties."

There is a certain sameness about them all—"the rich curls, the full lips, and the languishing eyes." They are all of a type, in tone, arrangement, and accessories; but they, unlike Kneller's Beauties, are undeniably beautiful. M. Chesneau says somewhat sharply that Lely "unscrupulously flattered his models, and soon became the favourite painter among the

ladies."¹ If he flattered, he knew how to do it, and the result is always pleasing. "He could not have worked at more lovely subjects," says Count Anthony Hamilton; "each portrait is a masterpiece."

All the ladies—there were eleven originally, of whom nine or ten now remain here—are painted in three-quarter length, in "trailing fringes and embroidery through meadows and purling streams." Others, such as Mrs. Knott, a pretty, quiet lady, and Mrs. Lawson, by Wissing, and the most lovely little girl—whom we may not now call the Princess Mary, but who is identified as Miss Jane Kelleway, a charming child-Diana—do not belong to the series. There is also the portrait of Anne Hyde herself, who ordered the painter to immortalise the Beauties—a comely, pleasant lady enough, "her whole body sitting in state in a chair in white satin," as Pepys says; and there is the lovely Lady Bellasys (if she it be) as S. Catherine, devout and rapt, who is not one of the Beauties. The Duchess of Portsmouth—Louise de Quérouaille—by Varelst, much spoilt by repainting, is a pretty picture of the "childish, simple baby face."

The "Beauties" themselves were removed from Windsor Castle, during the reign of George III., to Hampton Court, where they fitly remain.

The first is Miss Stewart, the Britannia of the coinage. Bow in hand, dressed in a light yellow satin, with face, arms, and head uncovered (like all the Beauties), she is a charming picture. She long resisted all the attrac-

¹ "The English School of Painting," p. xxxv.

tions of the King, and her marriage with the Duke of Richmond was not an unhappy end to her career. Near her is Henrietta Boyle, who married Clarendon's second son, Lawrence, Earl of Rochester, a pretty lady in blue, who plucks a rose. "Une longue habitude avoit tellement attendri ses regards, que ses yeux s'ouvroient qu'à la Chinoise," say the "Mémoires de Grammont"; and so indeed she looks, sleepily self-content. Mrs. Middleton, "indeed a very beautiful lady" in the estimation of Mr. Pepys, young and charming, is a person of a different character, of whom enough, if not too much, is said by Count Hamilton. Miss Frances Brooke, a damsel brought by her uncle to court to captivate the King, is in a light grey, and her unhappy sister, Elizabeth, mistress of James, Duke of York, is in yellow. The Countess of Falmouth—so Mr. Law identifies the portrait which was formerly called the Countess of Ossory—is "sweet and tender" in blue. Elizabeth, Countess of Northumberland, afterwards the wife of the great Duke of Montagu, is a lady whose character is higher than that of most of the Beauties, but not so high as that of Anne, Countess of Sunderland, wife of the arch-intriguer who was equally well with James II. and William III. Lady Sunderland was a woman of religion, whom less scrupulous folk sneered at. She kept, it was said (and by good Princess Anne too), "such a clatter with her devotion, that it really turns one's stomach."

But the most famous of the pictures are those of the Duchess of Cleveland and Miss Hamilton. The

latter is the most beautiful of all the ladies, and is painted with all Lely's art. The picture shows the height of his powers and their limits. A lovely girl, with a fair face and light brown hair, dressed in dark red relieved by some gold brocade, she assumes, like Lady Bellasys, the favourite character of S. Catherine, but an air "grand and gracious," rather than of devotion, is expressed in her portrait. It is a beautiful picture of a beautiful subject, but of higher qualities of character and mind the painter can give no idea.

Barbara Palmer, Countess of Castlemaine, a woman of abandoned character and malignant influence, whose name is connected with almost every scandal of English society for fifty years, makes a striking picture. She is beautiful, proud, resentful, impressive: the painter, having to choose from many bad qualities, has chosen her pride for the dominant note of his composition; and he has made of her perhaps the most striking of all his portraits. It is original, speaking, personal. We can see as she lived the woman who ruled Charles Stewart when she was young, and raised John Churchill when she was old; and Mr. Pepys calls it "a most blessed picture."

IX

The Beauties preserve for ever the luxury, and fashion, and recklessness of Charles's court. His own portrait is nowhere in the collection: only in a curious

picture of his "taking leave of the Dutch States," not bought till 1845, is there his figure. It is a pity that he is not here, either in the form of his pretty boyhood, or the hardened, sinister countenance of middle life. But he is not likely to be forgotten at Hampton Court.

Charles left the marks of his influence on the gardens, the tennis-court, and, less happily, on the house. Verrio, whose "sprawling saints" Pope scorns in well-known lines, was first employed by him to decorate the ceilings in the manner which had become fashionable from France. Horace Walpole tells a story of the artist's extravagance, which has been often quoted, but will bear telling again. It illustrates the reckless freedom of the time, and the *bonhomie* which made the King attractive in spite of his selfishness and his cold-hearted license. "Once at Hampton Court, when Verrio had but lately received an advance of £1000, he found the King in such a circle that he could not approach him. He called out, 'Sire, I desire the favour of speaking to your Majesty.' 'Well, Verrio,' said the King, 'what is your request?' 'Money, sire, money; I am so short of cash, that I am not able to pay my workmen; and your Majesty and I have learnt by experience that pedlars and painters cannot give long credit.' The King smiled, and said he had but lately ordered him £1000. 'Yes, sir,' replied he, 'but that was soon paid away, and I have no gold left.' 'At that rate,' said the King, 'you would spend more than I do to maintain my family.' 'True,' answered Verrio, 'but

does your Majesty keep an open table as I do?’” The retort, it would seem, was appropriate, since when Pepys went to the Palace to speak to the Duke of York about Admiralty business and the occupation of Tangier, he was not invited anywhere to dinner, “though a stranger, which did also trouble me.”

While Pepys and Grammont, and the writers of diaries and memoirs, leave an impression of reckless profusion and license in the Hampton Court of the Restoration age, John Evelyn preserves in his diary the quieter aspect of the place and of the age. The gardens, the park, and the improvements Charles was making everywhere were noted by him in his careful, sober way, critically yet with appreciation.

James II., it would seem, never lived at Hampton Court.¹ This may have made the Palace so constant a resort of his daughter, who never, it would seem, forgave herself the treachery with which she supplanted him.

X

With the “glorious Revolution” Hampton Court began a new career. The Dutch king, like Wolsey, is here a creator and builder. It might be said that Hampton Court more than any other place was his home. It is in such surroundings that we can most happily form a critical estimate of him.

¹ “It is not certain whether, as King, he ever passed a single night in the Palace.”—*E. Law*, “*History of Hampton Court Palace*,” vol. ii. p. 255.

The "Deliverer," William of Orange, was for so long, and in some quarters still is, so popular a hero, that any consideration of his greatness may claim interest. That he was placed in a position which caused him to represent a great epoch of advance in the progress of the English nation—that the important movement with which his name is associated, if not "glorious," was certainly beneficial, no one will deny. Whether circumstances have not given him a place in English histories and a fame among English writers of which he himself was hardly worthy, may be a question at least worthy of discussion. Nor is the discussion irrelevant here. Hampton Court is so thoroughly, as we see it now, the great English memorial of the Dutch king, that we may well pause to consider, as we walk through its rooms, or as we stop before the bombastic allegory of Kneller in the "Presence Chamber," what manner of man he was. What did his greatness consist in? Was he a hero?

It is difficult to disentangle the man from his surroundings. The greatness of the men with whom he was brought into contact, the importance of the crisis in European history in which he mingled, would themselves invest with interest the biography of a prince opposed to Louis XIV. But it would be difficult for the most bigoted Jacobite to have denied that William of Orange had much more than this borrowed greatness. The romantic history of his early life, the difficulties with which he had to contend, the position to which he raised himself, and the actual success

which he achieved, prove without doubt his personal power. But he does not, however, take rank with the greatest even in his own age. Not only was he inferior on the whole to his great rival, and not to be compared as a general to men like Turenne, but it may well be doubted whether he was equal as a diplomatist to Louvois or Marlborough. Still his achievements were such as any statesman might be proud of.

If he did not initiate, he gave force and cohesion to the European resistance to Louis XIV. He held the reins of the Grand Alliance. He alone of the allied sovereigns could always be depended upon in that cause. His energy never tired, his hatred never softened. No difficulties daunted, and no scruples thwarted him. If, after a careful survey of the resources of France at this time, any is of opinion that under favourable circumstances Louis XIV. would have been able to found an enduring power, to William III. he may justly attribute the failure of the French schemes. When this has been said, much of the real greatness of William has been explained. We recognise to the full his energetic self-devotion to a great cause. His success was due to no merit as a general. No striking instance of bravery has ever been recorded of him. But this is not needed in a general. He was a wretched organiser; his armies were never provided with the equipments which were even then recognised as necessary. He never showed the slightest sign of real strategic ability. The only battle which he ever won was that of the Boyne, where his forces out-

numbered those of his opponents by thirteen thousand. Nor did he succeed in attaching his soldiers to him, any more than the people whom he ruled.

As a diplomatist, however, he had eminent qualifications. He was certainly aided in a much greater degree than is usually recognised during his earlier years by his connection with Charles II., and in later life by his unique position as King of England. But his diplomacy was skilful, because he gave constant and minute attention to the combinations of States, and devoted himself in general and in particular to his object with unscrupulous assiduity. A few instances of his talents may well be noticed. His method of fomenting the Scottish disturbances in 1672 was admirable; equally skilful was his rise to the post of Stadtholder (though we may not credit him with all the Machiavelianism that Dumas suggests in the *Tulipe Noire*). The whole conduct of the English Revolution, which Mr. Lecky so strongly reprobates, would have done credit to Talleyrand. William's perfect acquiescence in James's accession; his cordial sympathy with the King during the earlier years of the reign; his well-balanced demeanour towards Monmouth; his joyful congratulations at the birth of the Prince of Wales (whose existence he so soon repudiated); the disguise of his correspondence with the English leaders of the Revolution; his assurances as to the object of the expedition he was preparing—all lead up to the final triumph, the last steps of which have been thus described (with a

certain unconscious honesty) by Gilbert Burnet,¹ prince of ecclesiastical toadies.

“During all these debates”—he is speaking of the discussion as to the succession, the claims of Mary as James’s eldest daughter and of Anne as having a nearer right than William—“and the great heat with which they were managed, the Prince’s own behaviour was very mysterious. He stayed at Saint James’s: he went very little abroad: access to him was not very easy. He heard all that was said to him, but seldom made any answers. He did not affect to be affable or popular, nor would he take any pains to gain any one person to his party. He said he came over, being incited to save the nation: he had now brought together a free and true representative of the kingdom:² and when things were once settled he should be well satisfied to go back to Holland again. Those who did not know him well, and who imagined that a crown had charms which human nature was not strong enough to resist, looked on all this as an affectation and as a disguised threatening, which imported that he would leave the nation to perish unless this method of settling it was followed. After a reservedness that had continued so close for several weeks that nobody could certainly tell what he desired, he called for the Marquis of Halifax, and the Earls of Shrewsbury and Danby, and some others, to explain himself more distinctly to them.

¹ “History of his Own Time,” ed. 1753, vol. iii. p. 297.

² The Convention Parliament.

“He told them he had been till then silent, because he would not say or do anything that might seem in any sort to take from any person the full freedom of deliberating and voting in matters of such importance: he was resolved neither to court nor threaten any one; and therefore he had declined to give out his own thoughts. Some were for putting the government in the hands of a Regent: he would say nothing against it, if it was thought the best means for settling their affairs: only he thought it necessary to tell them that he would not be the Regent: so, if they continued in that design, they must look out for some other person to be put in that post: he himself saw what the consequences of it were like to prove, so he would not accept of it. Others were for putting the Princess singly on the throne, and that he should reign by her courtesy: he said no man could esteem a woman more than he did the Princess; but he was so made that he could not think of holding anything by apron-strings; nor could he think it reasonable to have any share in the government unless it was put in his person, and that for term of life: if they did think it fit to settle it otherwise, he would not oppose them in it; but he would go back to Holland, and meddle no more in their affairs. He assured them, that whatsoever others might think of a crown, it was no such thing in his eyes, but that he could live very well, and be very well pleased without it. In the end he said, that he could not resolve to accept of a dignity, so as to hold it only (during) the life of another: yet he thought

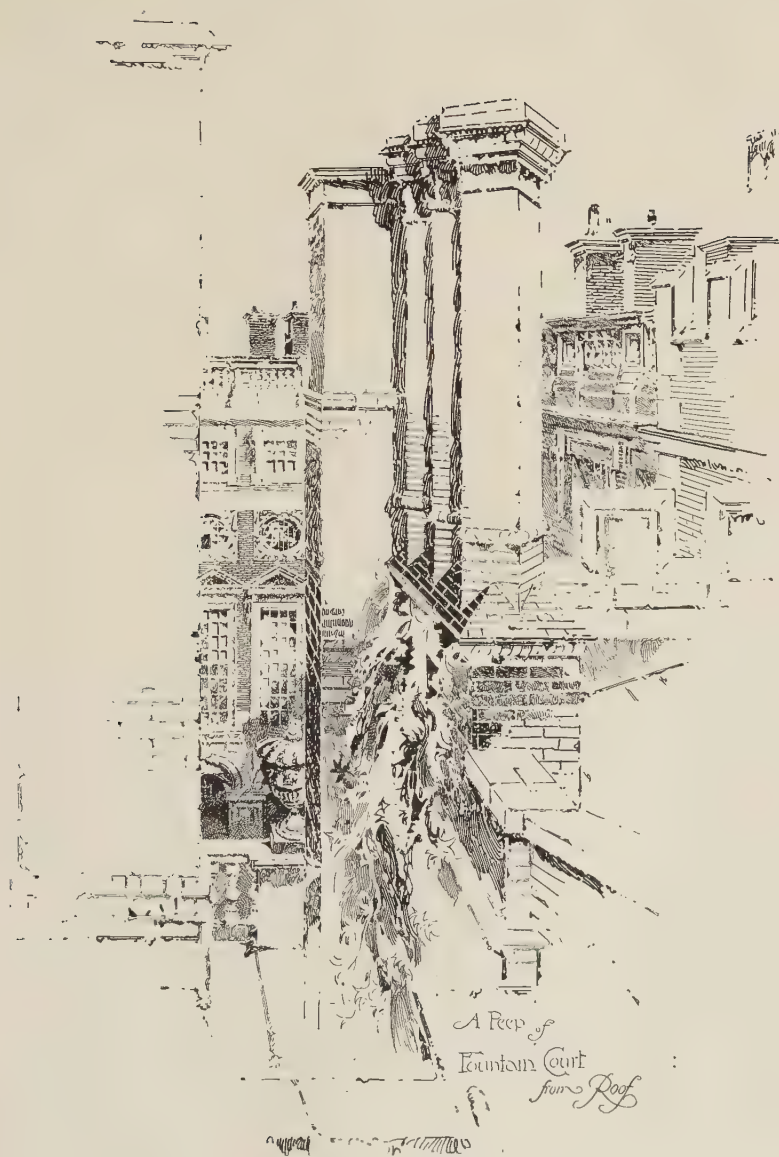
that the issue of the Princess Anne should be preferred in the succession to any issue that he might have by any other wife than the Princess. All this he delivered to them in so cold and unconcerned a manner, that those who judged of others by the dispositions that they felt in themselves, looked on it all as artifice and contrivance."

The suspicions may have been well or ill grounded, but they were certainly not unnatural when William's past diplomatic successes were remembered. And on this occasion, as before, William obtained exactly what he wanted, and we may admit his ability.

But when some special points of his character are considered, it is difficult to see how any defence can be set up for him. "He had no vice," says Bishop Burnet, "but of one sort, in which he was very cautious and secret." When contemporaries accused William of the vilest and basest crimes, they no doubt did him cruel wrong; but of this saying of Burnet's Lord Stanhope wrote very justly: "It is no light charge that is here implied. It is no light quarter from which the charge proceeds. It comes from a familiar friend and a constant follower—from one who owed to William not only his return from exile but his episcopal rank—from one who had no imaginable motive to deceive us, and who was most unlikely to be himself deceived." Indeed, it is impossible to condemn his predecessors and absolve William III. It is only too evident that throughout his life William was immoral as Charles II. and James II.

had been immoral. When he first entertained the idea of a marriage with his cousin Mary, he was careful to inquire whether she was one who would seriously resent his infidelities. When he came to England to see his bride, he disgraced himself, as Sir John Resesby records. After his marriage, and when he was well aware of his wife's devoted attachment, he treated her without the least consideration. Hooper and Ken, in turn domestic chaplains at the Hague, found the tone of the court unbearable; and Ken felt bound to remonstrate with the Prince on his own life. The enormous revenue bestowed on Elizabeth Villiers made the King's weakness well known to his English subjects, and what was condoned in his own time has been excused by distinguished apologists in our own day. "Lord Macaulay," says Mr. Paget,¹ with the happy wit which turns the laugh against vice, "records the highly criminal passions of James for Isabella Churchill and for Catherine Sedley, sneering contemptuously at the plain features of the one, and the lean form and haggard countenance of the other, but forgetting the charms recorded in the *Memoirs of Grammont* as those to which the Prince owed his power; and whilst admitting the talents which the latter inherited from her father, denying capacity in the King to appreciate them. William, on the other hand, married to a young, beautiful, and faithful wife, to whose devotion he owed a crown, in return for which she only asked the affection which he had

¹ "Paradoxes and Puzzles."



A View of
Fountain Court
from Roof

withheld' for years, maintained during the whole of his life an illicit connection with Elizabeth Villiers (who squinted abominably), on whom he settled an estate of £25,000 a year, making her brother (whose wife he introduced to the confidence of the Queen) a peer; and Lord Macaulay passes it over as an instance of the commerce of superior minds. In James conjugal infidelity is a coarse and degrading vice; in William it is an intellectual indulgence hardly deserving serious reprehension."

Nor can it easily be denied by any one who has read Burnet or Macaulay that Mr. Paget was justified in adding, "In like manner, the inroads upon law attempted by James, under the mask of regard for the rights of conscience, are justly and unsparingly denounced, whilst the ambition which urged William, by the cruel means of domestic unkindness, to fix his grasp prospectively on the crown of England, long before any necessity for such an invasion of the constitution had arisen, is wise foresight, regard for religious freedom, the interests of Protestantism, and the attainment of the great object of his life—the curbing the exorbitant power of France."

Perhaps it cannot be said in blame of William that he did anything, like Charles II., to make vice popular. Vice certainly with him lost none of its grossness, and he was no more cheerful or kind to others when drunk than when sober. "He loved," wrote Leopold von Ranke, "a pot of beer more than a delicate repast." His love of eating appears to have been carried to

degrading excess. His want of all sense of fitness appears as clearly in his teaching Swift, then an enthusiastic young scholar whose thoughts and hopes were of religion and of books, how to cut asparagus in the Dutch fashion and "eat it economically with the stalks," as in his offering him a captaincy of horse.

Too often has the story of his greedily pouring the whole dish of peas on to his plate when the Princess Anne was still unserved been told. And after all, it may seem petty to dwell on such small matters; nor is it generally considered in the best taste to admire and visit a man's house, as we visit Hampton Court, and then take away his character. But it is high time that William III. should be judged on his merits; and when we have considered his most prominent characteristics, and have remembered that not one single famous saying has been attributed to him—"he spoke seldom, and that with a disgusting dryness," as Burnet says—may we not reasonably ask if he is to be considered a hero? There is such a thing as debasing the moral currency, and it is a fault that historians are very often guilty of; and it may be well that, when we examine a man's works, we should form a true estimate of himself. The character of the Dutch sovereign is admirably illustrated by the details of the negotiations for his marriage. When Lord Ossory first suggested the marriage to him, he gave an undecided answer; a careful reader of the judicious Von Ranke would discover the reason. He had recently been told by his friends in England that they would exclude the Duke

of York's children from the succession, and make him heir. He waited, then, till he saw such an expectation was not worth waiting for, and that his wisest course was to marry Mary. When the negotiations began in earnest, he showed great care in avoiding any step which might link him to the fortunes of the falling house, and in letting it be known that his marriage was to be no guarantee of support to the English throne. Equally interesting is his attitude towards English parties at the time of the Exclusion Bill. How early he showed his determination to have sole power in England, and with what delicate consideration for his wife he let his determination be known, has already been shown from Burnet. In these instances I think we may observe what may be roughly and somewhat vulgarly called meanness. Having thus hastily observed some traits in the character of William of Orange, we shall pass on to notice some affairs of importance, his connection with which has served in some quarters to discredit his memory.

William's relation to the murder of the De Witts is a question which is still obscure. I will therefore only quote and translate from one of the latest and ablest studies of his life, that of M. le Comte de Lort-Sérignan. "The Prince of Orange had long known the hatred of the people towards the De Witts. He ought to have understood that his duty and his honour—the respect which he owed to himself, to his name, to that of his country—demanded that he should protect from causeless and groundless animosity the two foremost

citizens of the Republic. He did nothing of the kind."

Again he continues: "The death of John de Witt ought to win him forgiveness for many faults. It is still a problem which history has not solved, What was the part which William had in that catastrophe? The responsibility seems nevertheless to be considerable, if we consider the amnesty granted by the Prince to the assassins, and particularly the liberality with which he pensioned the surgeon, Tichelaar. Such crimes would sully the fairest life, and the death of John de Witt remains an ineffaceable stain on the history of William III."

Take another case. When the peace of Nimeguen had been signed four days, the Prince, who was strongly adverse to it, attacked Marshal Luxembourg, and a bloody battle took place—the lives lost being thrown away without the slightest gain. The Prince declared in the most solemn manner that he did not hear the news of the peace until the next day. It has, however, been proved that the news of the peace having been absolutely decided upon was known in his camp and by him the day before.

In the matter of Glencoe, probably not many people have been misled by Macaulay's sophistical explanation. It may be well, however, to mention the facts of the case. From the correspondence to which Macaulay himself refers it can be proved that William took the keenest interest in the minute details of the negotiations with the Highlanders. On the 9th of

January 1692 he heard the news that Glencoe had submitted and taken the oath. On the 16th he signed the order for the extirpation. Of the men being punished as robbers there is not the slightest proof. It is most unlikely that the King, who had followed the matter with so much attention, would affix his signature in two places to the order for their extirpation without reading it over. Nor did William ever express displeasure at the deed; and in his pardon to Stair the "manner of execution" alone is referred to as worthy of condemnation.

May we not then conclude, with Mr. Paget, keenest of historical detectives, that the King "had not the excuse, poor as it may be, that he was urged on by personal wrong and animosity, like Breadalbane, or by chagrin and disappointment at the failure of a particular scheme, like the Master of Stair;" and that there is no room for doubt that his "signature was affixed to the order with full knowledge of the facts, and that his intention was to strike terror into the Highlanders by the 'extirpation'—[and there is no question as to the meaning of the word here, as there is in the case of the Rohillas, where Macaulay takes an exactly opposite view to the one he maintains in the Glencoe affair]—of a clan too weak to offer any effectual resistance, but important enough to serve as a formidable example." Glencoe certainly will not be forgotten by Scotsmen when they judge the character of William III.; and side by side with it they will place his refusal of aid to the colonists of Darien.

But cases such as these, involving grave moral delinquency, do not finally settle the claims of William III. to be considered a national hero. What was his position as a constitutional king? His title was strictly and evidently parliamentary. Hallam goes so far as to speak of his "elective throne." He came to deliver England from despotic rule, and to represent that form of monarchy which the great Whig statesmen approved. He had very definite obligations and a very clear line of action imposed upon him. How did he play his part? No one can accuse Hallam of prejudice against him. "In no period," he says, "under the Stewarts was public discontent and opposition of Parliament more prominent than in the reign of William the Third; and that high-souled prince—[I thank thee, Hallam, for teaching me that phrase]—enjoyed far less of his subjects' affection than Charles the Second. No period of our history, perhaps, is read with less satisfaction than those thirteen years during which he sat on his elective throne."

That the King was in no small measure responsible for this a few instances will show. William had none of the qualities that win affection. His obvious preference for Holland did not atone for "that amount (to quote Mr. Lecky) of aggravated treachery and duplicity seldom surpassed in history which had made the Revolution possible." Among his first ministers were the very men who were believed to be largely concerned in the misgovernment of the Stewarts. If Danby had been so unprincipled as the votes of

Parliament had declared, if Halifax had been so deeply concerned in the last and worst part of Charles II.'s misrule as was supposed, if Godolphin had been, as was evident, a party to every measure of James II., William ought not to have made them his trusted servants.

If the King was really interested in securing freedom to Englishmen, he ought not to have displayed such pettish readiness to leave England to itself when Parliament did not grant him all the revenue he wanted. Nor can anything excuse his concern in the Irish grants or in the partition treaties.

In answer to an address in 1690, he promised to make no grant of the Irish forfeitures till the matter had been decided in Parliament. While bills for its settlement were being discussed, it was discovered that he had granted away the whole of the land, although Parliament had expressly reserved two-thirds for the public service. And these lavish grants were made, chiefly to Dutch favourites and an English mistress, at a time when England was in a wretched condition. The historian of the future will be content to accept the forcible statement of Mr. Lecky.¹

Again, in 1697 the enormous grants of royal rights in Wales to the Duke of Portland caused much comment. Stronger still, perhaps, is the case against William in the matter of the partition treaties. He carried on the whole of the negotiations without consulting any of his English ministers. His Dutch favourite, Portland, induced the Lord Chancellor to

¹ "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," vol. i. p. 16.

affix the Great Seal to blank paper, an act which would have caused a frenzy of denunciation from every historian if it had happened under Charles I. or James II., or had been performed by any other than the orthodox Whig Somers. As it is, some people seem disposed to accept Hallam's ludicrous excuse for the King, that he was influenced "by a deep sense of the unworthiness of mankind."

Certainly the refusal of the royal assent to the "Place Bills," and to the bill for securing the independence of the judges as regards the Crown, though they may be explained by a deep sense of the unworthiness of human nature when not seated upon an elective throne, are equally irreconcilable with Revolution theories. Here the man who has been elevated to the throne on the distinct understanding that he is to accommodate himself to that idea of royalty which recognises the legislative supremacy of Parliament, appears as using the power which has been conferred upon him in defiance of the compact under which it was conferred.

As we contemplate the portrait in which Kneller has striven to immortalise William as a hero, the words of Hallam rise to our minds:—"Mistaken in some points of his domestic policy, unsuited by some failings of his character for the English nation, it is still to his superiority in virtue and energy over all her own natives in that age that England is indebted for her honour and liberty." The words rise to our minds, but they rise only to be condemned. William



The Orange House

was not virtuous, and he was not a hero. He left us a legacy of ruinous and bloody wars, a half-century of oligarchy under Whig control, and a hatred of foreigners almost as bitter as that bequeathed by the Marian persecution.

XI

William as a king and as a man is not worthy of English admiration. If we are to enjoy the new Hampton Court with an eye on its history, we must regard it as Wren's creation, not his. And William we may leave in the "Banquet House," which he built in 1700, smoking with Keppel and Bentinck, with his mug before him.

What has to be said of the Palace under the Dutch king comes more appropriately in connection with the work of Wren. William liked Hampton Court, and lived there as much as he could. "He found the air," says Burnet, "agreed so well with him, that he resolved to live the greatest part of the year there." And much as he hated Louis XIV., he must needs, like everybody else, imitate him. So a new Hampton Court was to rise as a rival to Versailles. "A very few days after he was set on the throne," says Burnet again, "he went out to Hampton Court, and from that palace came into town only on council days; so that the face of a court and the rendezvous usual in the public rooms was now quite broken." His love

for the place, and his delight in retirement with his Dutch favourites and his English ministers, were indeed among the chief reasons of the unpopularity which befell him early and lasted all through his life. He gave himself to seclusion, and the seclusion happily gave us Wren's Hampton Court.

While plans were preparing and the new Fountain



Water Gallery

Court was rising on the site of the old Cloister Green Court, while the King was hunting, as the satiric rhyme said, to make the Queen thin, Mary was sitting with her maids in the Hornbeam Walk or in the "Water Gallery," the house, now destroyed, separate from the rest of the Palace, that looked upon the river. Her china, her plants, her needlework, were her solace in

her husband's neglect; and china and plants have still their representatives in the Palace.

A new amusement she found in trying to rival Lely's collection of Charles II.'s Beauties. Her court, too, she thought, had its charms, and Kneller should immortalise them. Horace Walpole tells how the old Lady Carlisle told him that poor Mary only made herself unpopular by it. "If the King," said Lady Dorchester, "were to ask for the portraits of all the wits in his court, would not the rest think he called them fools?" As one looks at the portraits of the ladies of Mary's court, the comparison seems to gain a double bitterness; for if these are the beauties, what must the others have been?

Kneller was delighted to emulate Lely, and he was well rewarded for his efforts. Polite poets complimented him in their verses, and he did not lack more substantial rewards. Lansdowne's couplets are well known—

"O Kneller! like thy picture were my song,
Clear like thy paint, and like thy pencil strong,
The matchless beauties should recorded be,
Immortal in my verse as in thy gallery."

The "Beauties," as they now appear in William the Third's Presence-Chamber, are reduced to eight. Only the most loyal flatterer could rank the Queen herself among the beauties; but the great Sarah Jennings has also disappeared. Those who remain are Diana, the heiress of the great Earls of Oxford, those De Veres whose

name brought back to mind the fights of the Middle Ages, and wife of Charles II.'s son, the Duke of St. Albans; the Countesses of Peterborough, Ranelagh, Dorset, and Essex (the last a Bentinck), the Duchess of Grafton, Lady Middleton, and Miss Pitt.

Lady Diana de Vere, Duchess of St. Albans, in her quiet russet gown, with graceful yellow drapery depending from her arms, is a charming figure. As a toast, within a few years of the painting of this picture, Halifax wrote the lines for her—

“The line of Vere, so long renowned in arms,
Concludes with lustre in St. Albans' charms;
Her conquering eyes have made their race complete;
They rose in valour and in beauty set.”

The Countess of Essex, a Bentinck, is not nearly so attractive. Much prettier is the Countess of Peterborough, the wife of the famous general and beau. She is in blue and crimson; her white, rather dissipated-looking face at once arrests attention. The Countess of Ranelagh in white, Miss Pitt in yellow, and the Duchess of Grafton (who was the daughter of the Arlington of the Cabal), the Countess of Dorset (a Compton) in orange, with a mantle of blue satin and ermine, are less interesting; but Mrs. Middleton (no one is quite sure who she is) is charming as a shepherdess.

If Mary had the Beauties of her court painted to please her husband, he was not behind in employing Kneller to immortalise himself. In the same room in

which the "Beauties" now hang, there are three great portraits of the King. Kneller paints him, as part of an allegorical triumph of Peace and Plenty, in his worst possible style. William ineffectually apes a Roman general, but his stern, haggard face is impressive if unpleasing. The other pictures—his embarking from Holland in 1688, and his landing at Brixham—are historical compositions, accurate in detail but uninteresting in result.

Much more striking than these, and in the same room, is the swarthy and passionate countenance of Peter the Great. It is one of the most impressive portraits Kneller ever painted. The armour and the drapery are subservient, not, as so often, the main features of the composition. The stupendous originality of the character looks out of the eyes. It is the face of a man who can command thousands, and who has no scruple. This picture was painted for the King, who feared and suffered rather than admired the great Czar.

The collection of "Beauties" may serve to emphasise the fact that William and Mary used Hampton Court as a home rather than a house of state. They planted, they builded, they worked; but the history of the reign gives few important political events that occurred in their favourite retreat. Kensington and Whitehall were for business; Hampton Court was for rest.

After Mary's death William was little there, till the burning of Whitehall in January 1698 brought him back again. His last years, varied by distractions of

war and by his own ill-health, were spent chiefly there. After the new buildings were completed, apartments were given to all the chief officers of state, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and from time to time to foreign ambassadors. It was there that the seals were taken from Somers: it was there that the great breach with France was begun, when William said to Tallard, "*Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, le temps est bien changé :*" it was thence that Marlborough's commission, military and diplomatic, for the great war was dated. But with such exceptions the King did little business save at Kensington. It was probably in the House Park that his horse Sorrel stumbled and threw him, and the shock brought on the illness which ended in his death. That he had not died long before might well be wondered at by all save his physicians, who administered to him such pleasing concoctions as the "juice of thirty hog-llice." Two years before he had plaintively remarked that "he should be very well if they would leave off giving him remedies."

When William died, Hampton Court was the most famous of English palaces. When Anne succeeded, it sank into secondary rank. Anne liked Kensington and Windsor. She had no pleasant memories of her brother-in-law, nor had the place itself happy memories for her. It was there that her boy—her only child who survived his infancy—William Henry, named Duke of Gloucester on the day of his christening, was born. There he was christened with great ceremonial. His foster-mother came from Hampton Wick; and though the

Queen continued her kindness to the nurse and her family, she could never forget the anxious days when her baby hung between life and death.

XII

With George I. the court returned to Hampton, and made from time to time long sojourns there. At some periods the King, with the atrocious Schulenberg, Duchess of Kendal, and Kilmansegge, Countess of Darlington; at others the Prince of Wales and his clever wife, Caroline of Anspach, held possession. The greatest confusion seems to have reigned during this period. Not only were the King and Prince at daggers-drawn—and George called his daughter-in-law, “cette diablesse la Princesse”—till a reconciliation, hollow enough, was patched up in 1720, when “the officers of the two courts kissed, embraced, and congratulated one another,” but the arrangement of the Palace was in hopeless disorder. Anybody who had the impudence to enter might, it would seem, be lodged in the Palace: the officials practically let apartments; and the Crown had to issue a proclamation, to which nobody paid any attention.

George I. amused himself from time to time by having plays acted in the great hall. In 1718, *Hamlet* and *Henry VIII.* were acted there, and the King listened with delight to allusions which seemed to fit his own ministers. But the interest

of the Palace in the eighteenth century is at least as much literary as it is historical, and it may appropriately be treated in another chapter. Of its vicissitudes as the dwelling-place of English sovereigns, Defoe very happily writes:¹ —

“Since the death of King William, Hampton Court seemed abandoned of its patron. They have gotten a kind of proverbial saying relating to Hampton Court, viz., that it has been generally chosen by every other prince since it became a house of note. King Charles was the first that delighted in it since Queen Elizabeth’s time. As for the reigns before, it was but newly forfeited to the Crown, and was not made a royal house till King Charles I., who was not only a prince that delighted in country retirements, but knew how to make choice of them by the beauty of their situation, the goodness of the air, &c. He took great delight here, and, had he lived to enjoy it in peace, had purposed to make it another thing than it was. But we all know what took him off from that felicity, and all others; and this house was at last made one of his prisons by his rebellious subjects.

“His son, King Charles II., may well be said to have had an aversion to the place, for the reason just mentioned — namely, the treatment his royal father met with there — and particularly that the rebel and murderer of his father, Cromwell, afterwards possessed this palace, and revelled here in the blood of the

¹ “From London to Land’s End” (ed. Henry Morley), pp. 25-27.



Entrance, Gate
to Gaudery.

royal party, as he had done in that of his sovereign. King Charles II. therefore chose Windsor, and bestowed a vast sum in beautifying the castle there, and which brought it to the perfection we see it in at this day—some few alterations excepted, done in the time of King William.

“King William (for King James is not to be named as to his choice of retired palaces, his delight running quite another way)—I say, King William fixed upon Hampton Court, and it was in his reign that Hampton Court put on new clothes, and, being dressed gay and glorious, made the figure we now see it in.

“The late Queen, taken up for part of her reign in her kind regards to the prince her spouse, was obliged to reside where her care and his health confined her, and in this case kept for the most part at Kensington, where he died; but her Majesty always discovered her delight to be at Windsor, where she chose the little house, as it was called, opposite to the castle, and took the air in her chaise in the parks and forest as she saw occasion.

“Now Hampton Court, by the like alternative, is come into request again; and we find his present Majesty, who is a good judge, too, of the pleasantness and situation of a place of that kind, has taken Hampton Court into his favour, and has made it much his choice for the summer’s retreat of the court, and where they may best enjoy the diversions of the season.”

Of the Court under the first two Georges Horace

Walpole and Lord Hervey may speak. From the accession of George III. it ceased to be a royal residence in more than name. Much of its furniture was removed; apartments were more freely and permanently given to exiles and to retired public servants. A new stage of its history begins, which is continuous to the present day.

CHAPTER III

THE PARKS AND GARDENS

1. The Medieval garden : the Tudor garden : its remains at Hampton Court : the Mount garden : the parks.—2. Elizabeth and her garden : the symmetrical taste : the decorations : Bacon's idea of gardens.—3. The Rebellion a break in English horticulture : Cromwell : Charles II. : the imitation of Versailles : Le Nôtre : Evelyn's description of the gardens : Queen Mary's bower.—4. William III.'s changes : his personal interest : the Royal gardeners : the wilderness : the Maze : Latin poem thereon : Queen Mary's collection of plants : the oranges : the gates : suspension of the works on the Queen's death : the new plans : the great Parterre : the Lion gates.—5. The gardens under George I. : the Frog Walk : the passion for Nature : Thomson's description of a garden : the changes under the Landscape gardeners.—6. The fish and fowl : the great vine : the characteristics of the gardens.

I

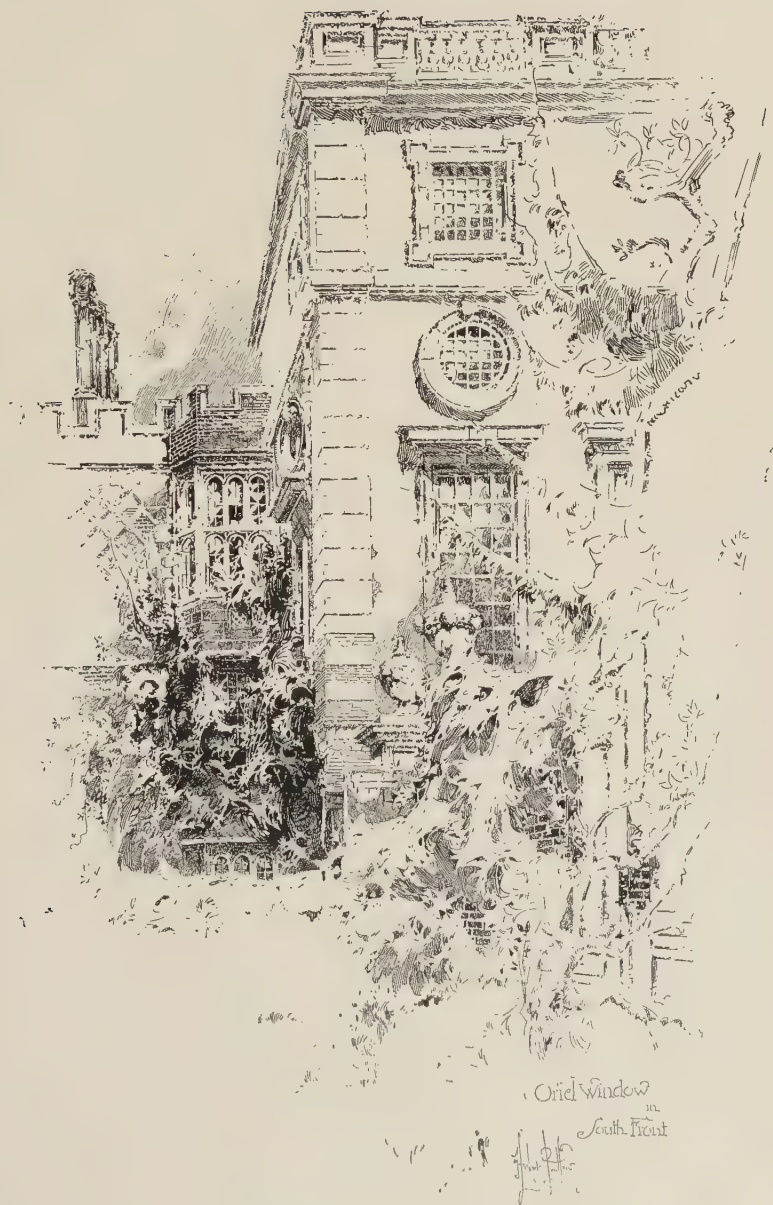
“GOD Almighty first planted a garden,” says Bacon, “and, indeed, it is the purest of humane pleasures.”

If it needs some training of the eye to appreciate the architecture and the art of Hampton Court, there are few visitors indeed who do not enjoy the gardens and the parks. The exquisite neatness appeals to some, the brightness, the peace, the variety to others. No

gardens within reach of the Londoner have half their manifold attractions. But besides their general they have a very special interest. In few places can we trace so well the history of English gardening.

When Wolsey first obtained the manor, he set himself to make gardens such as he should be able to find repose in after the long labours of his busy days. There in "therber" he would say his office; and he would daily watch the planting and the weeding, of which the records give such quaint particulars. Strong walls surrounded this irregular garden. It was a place of herbs and hedges, with alleys and long shaded walks—the medieval garden of which we know so little. When Henry VIII. took the Court for his own, great alterations were carried out. The pleasaunce became "Italianate," and statues of "kynges and queenys beestes" were set up. The accounts show continual placing of trees in the King's great orchard and the "triangle," of roses, gillyflowers, sweet-williams, violets, and primroses, and setting the divisions with low walls, on which stood capering or rampant beasts in stone. At every convenient spot stood a sundial.

Of the Tudor garden at Hampton Court, only the very smallest specimens remain. There is the quaint fountain still standing in the midst of a trim-set design of walks and borders, in the hedge-surrounded plot of low ground that lies between the "banqueting-house" of William III., and the greenhouse, which is sometimes mistakenly termed the orangery.



Oriel Window
in
South Front

In the front of this greenhouse is another sunk parterre. To the left, as you look towards the Thames, is the large oriel which Queen Elizabeth set in the tower that stands between a fine piece of Wolsey's building and the rigid stateliness of the end of Wren's south front. The low walls stand, it is likely, as they stood in Henry's days, and on them may now be trained dwarf creepers, where the bright gillies with "the mynts and other sweet flowers" stood out against the red brick in the old days. Architecture is brought in to aid the attraction of horticulture. Steps lead down, in the little garden hard by, to the fountain in the midst; and, again, low walls and trim hedges shut off one walk and one design from another. Rising a few feet and walking southwards, you would come upon the terrace that overlooked the river.

I am tempted to quote Ellis Heywood's fascinating description of that other garden, some miles farther down the stream, where Henry's faithful Chancellor, Wolsey's successor, walked with his children.

"There each child, each servant, had his own domain and his own work. There the friends gathered to talk with More," he says in his pretty Italian memory of the martyr More,¹ "on a little lawn set in the midst of the garden, on which was a little grass 'mount.' It was a happy spot, crowned with perpetual verdure, having flowering shrubs and the branches of trees woven together in sort so

¹ "Il Moro," Florence, 1556, pp. 13-14.

beautiful that it might have been Nature's own handiwork."

The "*monticello*" of which Heywood speaks is a great feature of Tudor gardens, and many besides More delighted to make the "*animata tappezzeria*" of flowers. At Hampton Court this tapestry effect was heightened by the coloured palings and balustrades, green and white, with which the flower-beds were surrounded.

The "topiary art" came in vogue, too, to add quaintness to the Tudor gardens, and was seen, no doubt, by the southern walls of the Hampton Palace.

Besides these gardens at the south, Henry had, at the north of his Palace, kitchen-gardens and two orchards, the "great" and the "new," in which grew hollies, and oaks, and elms, cherries, pears, and apples, yew, cypress, juniper, and bays. These are now entirely destroyed, and are partly covered by the "wilderness" which leads to Bushey Park, partly by the kitchen-gardens, which include also the old tilt-yard.

In 1539 the Honour of Hampton Court was by statute created a forest—the last, it appears, that was thus made. It was disafforested under Edward VI., but certain peculiarities of the forest jurisdiction still remain.

II

Elizabeth loved to walk in her gardens, and foreigners who visited Hampton Court noted their number and size, and the quaintness with which the flowers and shrubs were trained and clipped. The parks, which her father had increased, she delighted in; there she hunted and gave hunting to the foreign princes who were her guests. Gardens stretched to Kingston,¹ and the parks extended north and east for miles. A German traveller observed with astonishment the arrangement of the ponds:—"The surrounding land is well arranged in gardens and ponds. The latter may at pleasure² be left dry or filled with water, and fish then let in. I never before saw the like of them."³

Throughout all the gardening of this period, the characteristic excellence is to be found in symmetry, and everything is precisely planned and designed. Straight walks surround geometrical flower-beds; mounds or ponds form a centre to which the walks converge. Bacon's essay on gardens is a picture of elaboration, where the chief garden is surrounded by a hedge which is clipped after a most complete and artificial fashion. Gradually the garden was

¹ Journey of Leopold von Wedel. "Royal Historical Society's Transactions," N.S., vol. ix. p. 250.

² Dr. Gottfried von Bülow writes "at leisure." I venture to alter conjecturally.

³ Journey of Leopold von Wedel, as above, p. 228.

divided, by the best authorities, into two parts, the "flower-garden" and the "herb-garden." Both were walled, both elaborately designed, but the Italian ornamentation, the statues, fountains, dials—all works of art in themselves—were reserved for the former. As system began to rule supreme in the flower-garden, a concession to man's undisciplined desires was made in the "heath" or the "wilderness," where a wilderness which had no part in the trim order of the gardener's scheme was allowed, though not without some check, to exist.

The wooden figures of Henry VIII.'s day, the gaily coloured beasts then set up, soon yielded to the more durable decoration in stone and lead. Solidity and permanence came more and more to be marks of the design. Thus there sprang into existence the "garden-houses," the "pleasure-house," "gazebo," "banquet-house." Sir Thomas More built him a house in his Chelsea garden, whither he could retire for study and prayer, and spend, if he willed, the whole day in seclusion. Henry VIII. had built more than one of these at Hampton Court—one in the "Mount" garden and one below; but later alterations swept them away.

Bacon's picture, in its size at least, might have been drawn for Hampton Court, with its luxury of space, where green and heath, or "desart" and main garden, with its alleys, might find ample room. "Knots of figures with divers coloured earths" he will not endure, but the "stately arched hedge," set

“upon pillars of carpenters’ work ten foot high and six foot broad,” delights him. And he, too, like More, has “in the very middle a fair *Mount*, with three Ascents, and Alleys enough for four to walk abreast, which I would have to be perfect circles, without any Bulwarks or Imbossments, and the whole *Mount* to be thirty foot high, and some fine *Banqueting House*, with some *chimnies* neatly cast, and without too much *glass*.” And in fountains, too, he was of the same mind as those who planted the gardens of Henry and Elizabeth. “For fountains, they are a great Beauty and Refreshment, but Pools mar all, and make the *garden* unwholesome, and full of Flies and Frogs.” Bacon’s garden, though he allows for a “natural wilderness,” is formal enough.

III

The Tudor methods, growing more elaborate as time went on, seem to have governed the gardeners of the first two Stewarts. The great Rebellion came as a break in the history of English horticulture. Gardens, like images and organs, were sometimes destroyed by Puritan fanaticism. Cromwell, though he resided frequently at Hampton Court, took no special care of the gardens, beyond ordering that the water-supply created by Charles I. in the “New” or “Longford” river should be restored to use. A tract of the time satirises his unpopular proceedings:—“Who will have the fine

houses, the brave parks, the pleasant fields and delightful gardens, that we have possessed without any right and built at other men's cost? Who shall enjoy the delight of the new rivers and ponds at Hampton Court, whose making cost vast sums of money, and who shall chase the game in the hare-warren, that my dear master hath inclosed for his own use, and for ours also that are time-servers?"¹

One of the first cares of Charles II. was the garden at Hampton Court. In 1661 one May was made their superior, and "for fifty years we find a succession of famous gardeners."² A new era set in with the Restoration. French influence became dominant. Le Nôtre, who inspired the magnificent designs of Louis XIV. in gardening, was widely followed in England. Rose, the royal gardener, was his pupil, and brought with him some of the lordly ideas of his master. The small, delicate, systematic gardening of the past was replaced by designs no less systematic indeed, but of a much larger scope. Long avenues, broad terraces, wide canals came in fashion, and with them the delight in extensive views and the employment of large areas.

At this time, too, were added many charming decorations in stone and in lead, such as the beautiful fountain which Evelyn mentions, and which William III.

¹ I take this quotation from Mr. Ernest Law's "History of Hampton Court Palace," vol. ii. pp. 182-183.

² "The Formal Garden in England," by Reginald Blomfield and F. Inigo Thomas, p. 74.



moved to Bushey Park. It is now called "the Diana Fountain."

A comparison of the drawing by Wynegaarde¹ of the Palace in Queen Mary's time with that of the picture by Danckers² shows something of the revolution which was effected by the new principles which were derived from Le Nôtre. That the great gardener himself visited England is improbable, though some have ascribed to him the personal origination of the new garden of Hampton Court. But his influence is clearly apparent in the scheme by which the gardens are now treated as part of one design with the house, and are studied and developed in relation to its architectural features.

Two great changes were inaugurated under this influence. A great canal was dug from within a few yards of the east front of the palace for nearly a mile.³ It was bordered, after the Dutch fashion, with lime trees. By it, no doubt, as by the water in St. James's Park, the King would often saunter, followed by his dogs, and throwing food to the ducks. Besides this, three avenues of limes were planted, extending from the east front, and Charles, says Switzer (himself a pupil of London, who studied under Rose), in his "Ichno-

¹ In the Bodleian Library.

² Now in Hampton Court Palace. It is by no means improbable that this picture of Hampton Court was the one which Pepys ordered for his dining-room, January 22, 1668-69, and for which he afterwards substituted (March 31, 1668-69) a view of Rome. This is not, I think, noticed by Mr. Ernest Law.

³ It is now 3500 yards long, but Danckers' picture shows that it was originally much longer.

graphia Rustica," "did plant the large semicircle before the palace . . . in pursuance of some great design he had formed in gardening."

This must have been one of his first works, for as early as June 9, 1662, John Evelyn, who was a great authority on gardens, noted that the Park, "formerly a flat, naked piece of ground," was "now planted with sweet rows of lime trees," and that the "canal for water" was "now near perfected." The whole of the alterations were in the direction of enlargement, which was fully in accordance with Evelyn's advice. The aim of the changes was to imitate Versailles. The House Park stretches for more than a mile to the south. In that fine space there could be well set the vistas of tree and water which should lead so appropriately to the sovereign's home. Every plan was drawn on strictly geometrical lines, in the gardens, as later in Wren's buildings.¹

Evelyn tells us also of two other features of the gardens, which fitly represent the two contending tastes of earlier days. "In the garden there is a rich and noble fountain, with sirens, statues, &c., cast in copper by Fanelli." This fountain seems to have disappeared, but many beautiful specimens of architectural decoration remain, chiefly vases, elaborately designed in lead and stone, and little animal or figure groups dispersed among the beds.

The second feature which Evelyn mentions—but this is later—is one which strikes every visitor to-day. It

¹ Cf. a delightful article in the *Spectator* for August 1, 1896.



South Front
and
Gravel Walk

is what is now called "Queen Mary's Bower," from a tradition that she spent long hours there with her maids of honour, walking or resting in the shade. It is a walk of one hundred yards long, the trees meeting overhead.¹ There can be little doubt that it is this of which Evelyn speaks as the "cradle-work of horn-beam in the garden," and as, "for the perplexed twining of the trees, very observable;" and again, "the close walk, with that perplexed canopy, which lately covered the seat in his Majesty's garden at Hampton Court." The horticultural books of the period give rules for the construction of these quaint artificialities, and many, particularly of yews, still remain in old English gardens. But the Hampton Court walk is in the stronger wych-elm,² which was especially commended by the gardeners of the day.

IV

So the gardens remained for some years, all changes being undertaken on the same plan, and under the ruling influence of Le Nôtre. The accession of William and Mary effected an alteration. William had all a Dutchman's delight in gardening, and Mary had the liking of a homely Englishwoman for sweet flowers. A new scheme was at once undertaken, which

¹ Mr. Ernest Law, in his "New Guide" (p. 124), says it is 14 feet high. In his "History of Hampton Court," vol. ii. p. 37, he gives the height at 20 feet.

² Mr. Ernest Law says it is wych-elm, correcting Evelyn.

Defoe states was "devised by the King himself."¹ "Especially," he says, "the amendments and alterations were made by the King or the Queen's special command, or both; for their Majesties agreed so well in their fancies, and had both so good a judgment in the just proportion of things which are the principal beauties of a garden, that it may be said they both ordered everything that was done." They effected a revolution in the appearance of the garden and park. Everywhere appeared borders and hedges of box, the great feature of Dutch gardening, which endured, indeed, only so long as the Dutch king ruled, for Queen Anne, who was little of a gardener herself, took pleasure in immediately rooting up most of the memorials of her brother-in-law's taste.

Throughout the reigns of the two sovereigns the work was carried on *con amore*, but two special periods of activity seem to be noticeable: the beginning of the reign, when George London was appointed royal gardener, with a post also in the Queen's household, and the year 1699-1700, when William took in hand the reconstruction of the entire palace and all that belonged to it. Gardening was now become a serious business. Great firms of gardeners directed the designs of the great houses throughout the country. "Gardening," said a literary gardener, "advanced to its highest meridian." The

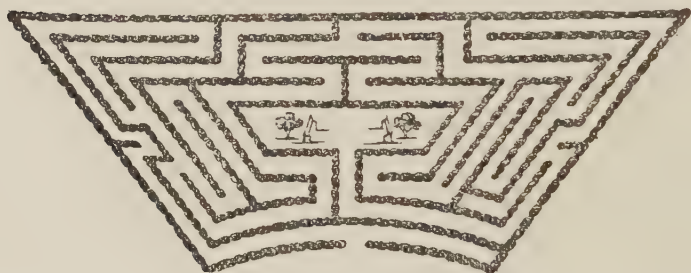
¹ Considerable caution is necessary in using any work of Defoe, and even his "Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain" is not historically correct; but in this case, though incorrect in some points, some part at least of his statement may be received.

formal garden, in fact, went beyond its formality into eccentricity, and so sank under the reaction begun by the protests of Addison and the satires of Pope.

William and Mary were nothing if not systematic. The very Wilderness was made symmetrical. It was set in "regular strait walks, bounded on each side by tall clipped hedges, which divide the whole ground into angular quarters." Defoe gives details of the work, which show that though Queen Mary did not design the "Bower" called by her name, she actively encouraged the custom of training trees on espaliers, and trimming them till they form a compact and complete protection from sun and wind. "Pleaching" reached its culmination under William and Mary. "On the north side of the house," says Defoe (to the east, that is, of the old tilt-yard and beyond the tennis-court), "where the gardens"—he means those which were now developed at the east—"seemed to want screening from the weather, or the view of the chapel, and some part of the old building, required to be covered from the eye, the vacant ground, which was large, is very happily cast into a wilderness, with a labyrinth and espaliers so high, that they effectually take off all that part of the old building which would have been offensive to the sight. This labyrinth and wilderness is not only well designed and completely finished, but is perfectly well kept; and the espaliers fitted exactly at bottom to the very ground, and are led up to proportioned height on the top: so that nothing of the kind can be more beautiful."

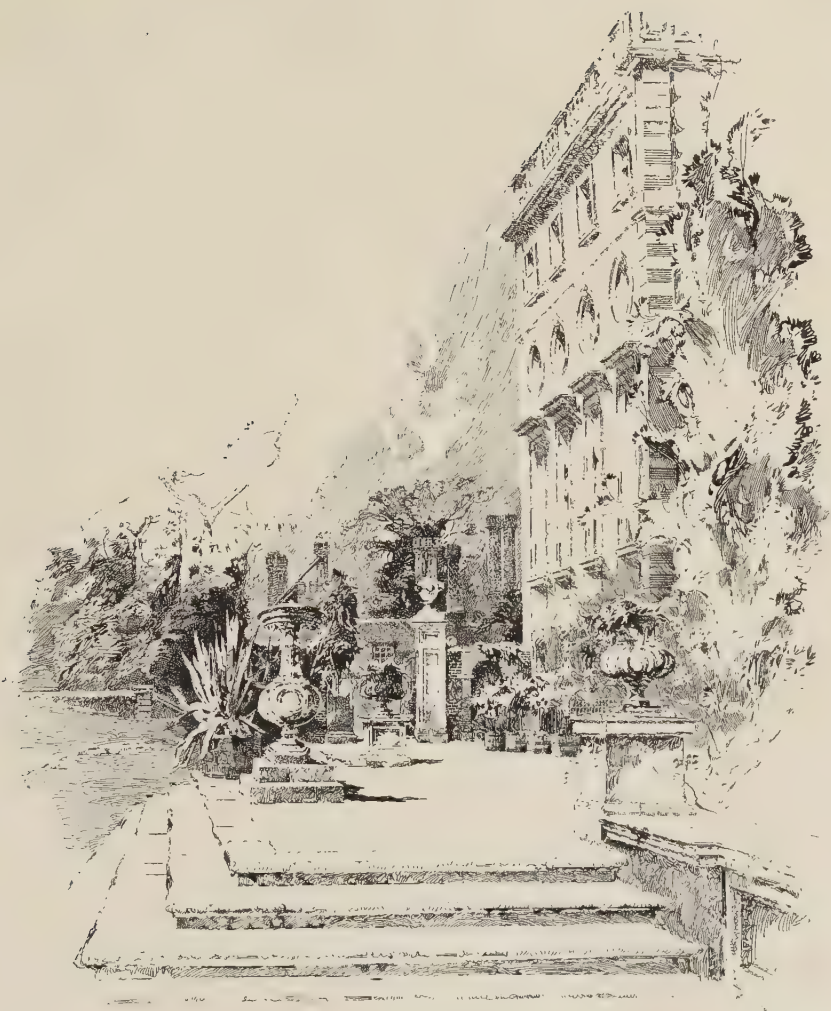
About the truth of this judgment there may be two opinions; and indeed, though something of the formality of the "wilderness" still remains, it has not been unaffected by the influence of the "landscape gardeners," who came before long to destroy all the symmetry they could. But whatever audacity may have done in the "Wilderness" by cutting down hedges and allowing the trees to grow with comparative freedom, no one has been hardy enough to disturb the Maze.

Now mazes were not uncommon in the sixteenth



century,¹ and it is possible that the Maze at Hampton Court may have been made earlier than the reign of William and Mary; but the reconstruction of the whole of the gardens near it make it probable that it was altered, if not entirely designed, at this time. No one who has visited the Palace will doubt that it still retains its attractions, and few perhaps have not suffered annoyance, and had to call

¹ Cf. Thomas Hill's "The Profitable Art of Gardening."



The Garden Front
The
D

in the aid of a friendly gardener. Among all changes the Maze has survived. A curious instance of its fame is to be found in the *British Magazine*, July 1749, where a Latin poem is devoted to its honour. This is probably a schoolboy's exercise, but it is worth quoting :¹—

“Hamptoniæ quisquis regales viseret hortos
 Hic labyrinthæos novet inesse dolos.
 Quos simul ingreditur cœtus juvenilis in ipso
 Introitu, in primo limine fallit iter.
 Decepti pergunt errare, retexere, si qua
 Ancipitem possint progrediendo viam.
 Si regredi statuunt eadem est fortuna regressis
 Implicitos idem devius error habet.
 Compellunt alios alii, ridentque vicissim ;
 Sed prope quid prodest, et simul esse procul ?
 Nec captos tamen illudi cursu atque recursu
 Tædet, nec toties est remeare labor.
 Scilicet est omnis comites habuisse voluptas,
 Falli cum sociis tam patienter amant.
 Dulce genus lusus ! idem gratissimus error
 Decipit, et fessos decipiendo juvat.”

A memorial of Queen Mary is still present in the exotic plants which survive from her collection. She took considerable interest in botany, employed a scientist of distinction, and grew many curious specimens. The *Agave americana variegata* may still be seen, which probably was placed in the greenhouse by the Queen ; and the orange trees which are ranged

¹ *British Magazine*, July 1749, p. 299. Mr. Ernest Law's "Guide to the Palace" refers to the *British Magazine* for 1747, but this is a mistake.

along the south wall in summer came, there can be little doubt, from Holland. So the Queen diverted herself when her cold and ungrateful husband was taking enjoyment with Elizabeth Villiers and his Dutchmen. She lived chiefly in the "Water Gallery," a small house looking upon the river, busying herself with her needle and among her china; and "giving," says Burnet, "her minutes of leisure with the greatest willingness to architecture and gardenage."

The last work for the decoration of the gardens which we can ascribe to William and Mary together is the set of thirteen iron gates or screens (more strictly, twelve screens and a gate), which form the finest specimens of wrought ironwork that can be seen in England. They were at first intended to screen the private gardens from the river path; now one stands in the Long Walk, two are placed in the Queen's Guard Chamber, and the rest may be seen in the South Kensington and Bethnal Green Museums. Mr. Law¹ has shown that they were designed by Jean Tijon, though they were partly executed by a Nottinghamshire man, Huntingdon Shaw. The extraordinary delicacy of the work, the rich elaboration of the design, and the variety of the foliage represented, make the work unique. The main features of the work are of course classical, and they link the art of the Renaissance to that of the famous decorative period which marked the latter part of the eighteenth century in England; but their originality and variety are among

¹ Vol. ii. pp. 54, *sqq.*

their most striking merits. There could hardly be a better example of the culmination of Renaissance influence in England. The monograms of William and Mary form part of the centre of several of the screens, and they appear to have been erected in the years following 1691.

After the Queen's death the works seem for a time to have been suspended. The King did not live at Hampton Court for several years, and his mind was employed on other matters.

The great plans for the reconstruction of the Palace were in being while she lived, but the greatest changes in the gardens were made after her death. About 1699 William resumed his interest in the Palace, and gave minute directions for the addition of a number of fountains to what was now becoming the "Great Fountain Garden," which stretched in front eastwards to the canal and the Long Water. At this time also Bushey Park was laid out in avenues, and "The Lynes" with limes and horse-chestnuts. The park was to have been an approach to the new entrance court, as Wren designed it. But happily the old buildings beyond the Chapel Court were never destroyed, and the wilderness remains as it was before Wren drew his magnificent new plans.

In 1700 the completion of the great garden as we know it was begun. The Broad Walk, which extends the whole length of the eastern front, from the gate which touches the road to Hampton Wick and Kingston beyond the private garden to the river, was

already made. The gate at the north end of this is the beautiful "Flower-pot Gate," of which the piers are decorated with William's initials and crown, and are surmounted by *putti* bearing baskets of flowers.

In the centre of the great garden was placed the large fountain which breaks the Broad Walk that leads from the east front to the Long Water. Four hundred of the limes which had been planted by Charles II. were moved so as to form a semicircle skirting the canal, which was now completed. The garden thus enclosed became known as "The Great Parterre." The elaborate parterre work, in which a complicated design was carried out in an arrangement of box-edged beds, filled with different coloured earths, with grass plots, and sanded walks of different widths, and decorated by jars full of flowers, by small fountains, and little pieces of statuary, was completed before the King's death, and marked the culmination of the formal garden at Hampton Court. The great gardeners, London and Wise, themselves literary authorities as well as practical workmen, may fitly have regarded this as their *chef-d'œuvre*.

The changes thus completed were not permanent, but nothing nearly so revolutionary has been attempted since the Dutch sovereign died.

In 1700 one of the chief memorials of the Tudor garden was destroyed—the "Mount," which had been set as the centre of Henry VIII.'s Italian garden. Many trees were at the same time transferred from the



The
Delphin Fountain

Privy Garden. Under Queen Anne the "great Diana fountain," which had stood there, was moved to Bushey Park, and the fine Lion gates were set up at the end of the Wilderness. With this, and her crusade against Dutch box, Queen Anne seems to have been satisfied.

V

The gardens as Queen Anne left them, and as they were when the fat lady ("mere cataract of animal oils," Carlyle calls her) and the lean lady of George I. walked up and down what is now called Frog Walk (some say it was *Frow* Walk), must have been, I think, much like those which Thomson describes in "Spring," published in 1726. Every one is supposed to have read "The Seasons," but I doubt if the quotation is familiar. It certainly expresses the feeling of the period when formality was beginning to yield to a somewhat artificial Nature-worship.

"At length the finished garden to the view
Its vistas open and its alleys green.
Snatched through the verdant maze, the hurried eye
Distracted wanders ; now the bowery walk
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
Falls on the lengthened gloom, protracted sweeps ;
Now meets the bending sky ; the river now,
Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake,
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
The ethereal mountain, and the distant main.

But why so far exclusive? when at hand,
Along these blushing borders bright with dew
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,



Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace ;
Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first,
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,

And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes,
The yellow wallflower, stained with iron brown,
And lavish stock that scents the garden round ;
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemones ; auriculas, enriched
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves ;
And full ranunculus of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks : from family diffused,
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colours run ; and, while they break
On the charmed eye, the exulting florist marks
With secret pride the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting from the bud
First-born of Spring to Summer's musky tribes ;
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low-bent, and blushing inward ; nor jonquils
Of potent fragrance ; nor narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;
Nor broad carnations ; nor gay-spotted pinks ;
Nor, showered from every bush, the damask rose :
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom !”

The next change was effected by Queen Caroline, wife of George II. Before the year 1736 much of the elaboration of the great parterre had been taken away, grass had been substituted for the minute flower-beds, the smaller fountains had been banished ; and “landscape gardening,” in the hands of Kent, attempted to destroy the work of Le Nôtre and his pupils.

But no violent change was made. The details of the original plans were altered, but the great semi-

circular design was not destroyed. George III. yielded to the rage for landscape, and invited "Capability Brown" to reconstruct the gardens; but he had the wisdom to decline the task. It would have been impossible to combine at Hampton Court the merits of the two schools. The architecture of Wren was made to combine with the gardening of Le Nôtre; and the "noble art of picturesque gardening, which has given, as it were, a new tint to the complexion of nature, and a new outline to the physiognomy of the universe"—to quote Peacock's happy creation "Mr. Milestone"—would have been singularly out of place between the classical east front and the Long Water. But the more modern fashion has unhappily not been without effect, and the mania for "bedding out" has infected even the conservatives of this ancient place. But what little has been done, can be, and is being undone. The House Park, as well as Bushey, may please to-day, as they pleased a century or two centuries ago. In the great fountain garden we may still very fairly see the design as William III. left it; while the private garden, with its pretty borders of old English flowers, its fine grass walks, and its terraces, shows at once the influence of earlier and later hands.

VI

A charming writer has lately dwelt upon an aspect of the parks and gardens which is not always noticed. They are the home of many birds and fish. The beautiful canal which separates garden and park is full of water-fowl, water-hens, ducks, and the stately swans. For the benefit of the tame birds "exists the only distinctly Dutch contrivance now surviving at Hampton Court. Small 'duck-houses,' either built of boards, or made each spring out of laurel-boughs, are set along the margin for the ducks and geese to lay in. This is a very old Dutch custom to protect the eggs of the waterfowl on the canals and lakes round the Dutch country-houses from the magpies which abound in the woods. There are no magpies to steal them at Hampton Court, but it has always been the custom to make 'duck-houses' each spring, and the tradition probably dates from the days of William III."¹ One is tempted to inquire if the phlegmatic monarch was as fond of duck as he was of green peas. Fish, particularly the carp, a royal fish that seems always to speak of ancient days, throng the canals, and birds haunt the trees—rooks, blackbirds, flycatchers, redstarts, and many more. A "paradise of birds" it is indeed.

To forget "the great vine" would be an unpardonable offence in any account of Hampton Court. It has

¹ The *Spectator*, August 1, 1896.

now been planted a hundred and twenty-eight years, and though not uniquely large, is certainly respectable for its age and dignity. It may be seen in its own great house near the south-west corner of the Palace, beyond the "Pond Garden."

Much more might be said about the parks, so skilfully designed, and yet so free from offensive artificiality—the long terrace that looks upon the Thames, the bowling-green, and the shady walks under the limes that skirt the canal. But it would take a book to describe the gardens for those who do not know them, and still more, it may be, for those who do. Their attraction lies in the combination of the styles of different periods—of which they present the beauties of each—in the continuity of their history, and in the happy examples which they afford of the history of horticulture in England. We may still walk in fancy with Henry VIII. in the Pond Garden, with Charles II. by the Long Water, and with William III. along the Broad Walk.



CHAPTER IV

HAMPTON COURT AND THE CHURCH

1. Wolsey's chapel and his train of Churchmen: Cavendish's description.—2. Henry's alterations: the Royal pew: present condition of the chapel: Wren's work: historical associations: baptism of Edward VI.: funeral of Jane Seymour: the preachers: James I.: the destruction at the Rebellion: William and Mary: the King keeps his hat on: the early Hanoverian neglect: the Queen's private chapel.—3. The religion of the Palace: the Hampton Court Conference: the introductory discussion: James's knowledge of theology: the assembly on Monday: the "Turkey gowns:" the Catechism: the translation of the Bible: the part played by James himself: his judgment on the Conference: the later history of religion in the Palace.

I

BUILT by a great ecclesiastic and adorned with a chapel, which, much as it has been transformed, is still to-day a dignified and stately memorial of its founder, it is natural that Hampton Court should have an interest for churchmen. In this regard, even more than in others, it presents a series of detached episodes. During the three centuries and a half the chapel goes on with its quiet homely household services, varied from time to time as the Church varied its rules or royal influence

made itself felt in different directions, and sharply broken across by the distinct divergence of the Commonwealth. But certain episodes stand out in its ecclesiastical history, such as the gorgeousness of Wolsey, or the theological interests of the first Stewart king of England.

Wolsey, with all his sees and all his dignities, supported an ecclesiastical establishment of corresponding grandeur; Cavendish seems to glory in its magnificence.

“Now I will declare unto you the officers of his chapel, and singing men in the same. First, he had there a Dean, a great divine and a man of excellent learning; a Sub-dean, a Repeater of the quire; a Gospeller, a Pisteller; of Priests ten; a Master of the children. The seculars of the chapel, being singing men, twelve; singing children, ten, with one servant to attend upon the said children. In the Revestry, a yeoman and two grooms: over and besides divers retainers that came thither at principal feasts. And as for the furniture of his chapel, it passeth my capacity to declare the number of the costly ornaments and rich jewels that were to be occupied in the same continually. For I have seen in procession about the hall forty-four of very rich copes of one suit worn, besides the rich crosses and candlesticks, and other necessary ornaments to the furniture of the same. Now shall ye understand that he had two cross-bearers, and two pillar-bearers: and in his great chamber and in his privy chamber all these persons; first, the chief Chamberlain and Vice Chamberlain; of Gentlemen ushers besides one in his

privy chamber, he had twelve daily waiters; and of Gentlemen waiters in his privy chamber he had six; and of Lords nine or ten, who had each of them two men allowed them to attend upon them, except the Earl of Derby, who had allowed five men. Then had he of Gentlemen, of cup-bearers, of carvers, of sewers, both of the privy chamber and of the great chamber with Gentlemen daily waiters, there forty persons; of yeomen ushers he had six; of grooms in the chamber he had eight; of yeomen of his chamber he had forty-six daily; he had also of almsmen some more in number than other sometime, there attending upon his board at dinner. Of doctors and chaplains, beside them of his chapel which I rehearsed before, he had in number daily attending sixteen: a clerk of his closet. Then had he secretaries two, two clerks of his signet; and four counsellors learned in the law."

Such was the magnificence of the Cardinal's ecclesiastical retinue.

II

The accounts of the years 1535 and 1536 contain details as to the cost of the carved oak stalls, of the chapel door, the windows, paving, the carved roof, and the men working their "owre tymes and drynkyng tymes" to finish the font for the baptism of Edward, Prince of Wales.

Then Henry added to what Wolsey began. It is difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish his work in

the chapel from that of his great minister, but it is at least clear that the situation, general design, and proportions were Wolsey's, and that the King, here as elsewhere, showed very little originality in his work.

One of the most interesting features of the chapel is the large royal pew, which forms the west gallery, and closely resembles the pew found in so many domestic chapels of great houses. It is approached through the "haunted gallery," down which it is said that Catherine Howard's ghost still wanders, trying to intercept the King as he goes to the devotions which had so small an effect on his life.

Henry VIII. put painted glass in all the windows, and then or later a picture of the Crucifixion was hung over the high altar.

The chapel, owing to a recent restoration which has opened several of the Perpendicular windows, long disguised by a semi-classical barbarism, now resembles in some measure what it was when Henry VIII. had completed the roof. The fan tracery, with long pendants gorgeously decorated with angels, and gilded bosses, makes one of the most splendid Tudor roofs still in existence. Evelyn in 1662 speaks of it as "excellently fretted and gilt." Restoration here, too, has been at work, and the figures that support the corbels on the walls are evidently of Wren's design. But the general effect is that of a not unharmonious blending of late Tudor gorgeousness with the solid comfort in pews, and pillars, and panels of the age of Wren and his followers.

The proportion of the work, and the domestic character which it was evidently the design of Wren that it should bear, has unfortunately been recently much spoiled by the addition of somewhat mean seats up the centre, which was intended to have been a wide free space, for processions and groups at royal weddings and the like. Purists would endeavour to restore the chapel to its state under Wolsey, or at least under Henry VIII., but a wider sympathy should preserve so beautiful an example of the taste of our nearer forefathers in church matters from destruction. There are not too many of the "Queen Anne" chapels in existence; we could better spare some better things. And the chapel at Hampton Court, like that at Trinity College, Oxford, should be suffered to endure without further "restoration" as a valuable memorial of an interesting epoch in ecclesiastical art.

The chapel is interesting, too, from the scenes that have taken place within its walls. There Edward VI. was christened with great pomp, his sister Mary standing godmother. The high altar was "richly garnished with plate and stuff," and the font of solid silver gilt was set up on a stage in front of it. The long procession passed through great part of the palace. A few days later the coffin of Queen Jane Seymour rested there before it was taken to Windsor. When King Edward himself was king, he sat long hours in the chapel listening to the dreary sermons of the prolix ministers of the day. Protestant Dissenters may feel a special interest in a chapel in which doubtless

John Knox and John Howe have preached. Mary restored all the splendour of pre-Reformation ritual, and Elizabeth diminished little of its gorgeousness. The pomp with which she set about her devotions is described in another chapter, from the diary of Leopold von Wedel, one of those Pomeranian lords whom Meinhold has immortalised.

In the chapel few changes were made under James I. and his son. The unhappy marriage of Buckingham's idiot brother took place there, and from time to time many of the great Caroline divines occupied the pulpit. In 1645, when Parliament took possession of the Palace, the altar was destroyed, the pictures taken away, and the beautiful glass of Henry VIII.'s day broken to pieces. Mr Ernest Law suggests that some railings of carved oak (now in the "Horn Room") are remnants from this destruction.¹ If this is not so, they are at least work of Charles II.'s day, removed to make way for the present rails, which suit with the pillars and canopy-work over the altar.

The chapel was restored at the Restoration, but the glass was never replaced. William and Mary attended service there and took some pains with its redecoration. William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, the only one of Queen Anne's children that survived infancy, was christened there. If we may believe Defoe, it was intended to pull down the chapel, among the wholesale alterations that William III. happily did not complete. Religion in general did not accord

¹ "History of Hampton Court," vol. ii. p. 131.



Chapel (cont.)

very happily with William's life, and his taste in it did not agree with that of the historical Church of England. He would wear his hat in Hampton Court chapel, and his wife must needs turn out the fiddles and flutes and bass viols from the service. They set themselves against the old customs. They would not touch (and the Jacobites said they could not) for the King's evil; and so the quaint and solemn office was laid aside till "good Queen Anne" succeeded.

Anne had not her brother-in-law's delight in destruction; she contented herself with redecorating the whole, and adding the carving now at the top of the panels, the delicate designs of which are from the hand of Grinling Gibbons. At the same time the royal pew assumed its modern aspect of decorous comfort, and the ceiling above it received the painted cherubim who support the crown over the initials of Anna Regina. A new organ too was added, which with some changes still survives. A later restoration of the roof in 1847 cannot be remembered without suspicion; but on the whole, we may be thankful that the chapel bears such clear marks of its history.

The Tudor and Stewart sovereigns had been content to worship, often daily, in church like their subjects; but the Hanoverians were accustomed to take their religion more easily, and under the Georges there appears the quaint little private chapel for the Queen, still pointed out, and filled now with the most inappropriate pictures (as indeed it is said to have been in George II.'s day), in which the chaplains read

the service while the Queen in her "bathing-closet" next door, according to the witticism of Lord Hervey, would cry to her lady-in-waiting, "Shut a little that door; those creatures pray so loud, one cannot hear oneself speak."

III

Religion, we are bound to admit, has not, at least since Wolsey's day, been a very obtrusive factor in the life of Hampton Court Palace; yet it has been none the less real for that, and, slight though the ecclesiastical interest of the house may be, it is famous in the history of the English Church for the Conference which first made clear the irreconcilable division between the Church of England, adhering in its formularies to the doctrine and discipline of the undivided Church, and the dissenting bodies who desired an absolute break with the past.

The Conference met on Saturday, January 14, 1604, in response to James's proclamation of October 24, 1603, in which he promised to consider the complaints that had been put before him by the so-called Millenary petition, and to take cognisance of the state of the Church. On the evening of the 13th James saw some of the bishops in his private chamber, and the next day the King met the bishops in a solemn conclave. It was proposed that the King, assisted by several bishops and learned divines, should hear the complaints which were to be made by ministers who desired further changes in

the Church, and should express his opinion as to what concessions it might be well to offer to tender consciences or irritable minds. The Archbishop Whitgift of Canterbury, himself not a little of a Calvinist in doctrine, attended, and with him were Bancroft, Bishop of London, a man of more liberal views; Tobie Matthew, Bishop of Durham, an Oxford scholar of fame and a singularly able administrator, who had also defended the English Reformation with learning and adroitness against the Jesuit Edmund Campion; Bilson, Bishop of Winchester, the renowned author of "The Perpetual Government of Christ's Church;" Bishops Rudd of St. David's, Babington of Worcester, Watson of Chichester, Dove of Peterborough, Robinson of Carlisle. Eight Deans were summoned—Montague, Dean of the Chapel, and the Deans of Christ Church, St. Paul's, Worcester, Salisbury, Chester, Windsor, and Westminster, with Dr. Field and Dr. King. Four clergy only represented the Puritan position—Reynolds, whom his friends regarded as the "oracle of his time for acquaintance with ecclesiastical history, councils, and fathers," Sparkes, Chaderton, and Knewstubbs.

On the first day the bishops and five deans alone met the King "in the King's privy chamber, one of the large rooms of Henry VIII.'s suite of state apartments, on the east side of the Clock-court, which were altered in the reign of George II."¹

The King "propounded six points . . . three in the Common Prayer-Book, two for the bishops' juris-

¹ Law, "History of Hampton Court Palace," vol. ii. p. 32.

diction, and one for the kingdom of Ireland. In the Prayer-Book he named the general absolution, the confirmation of children, and the office for private baptism. These three were long disputed between the King and bishops. In the conclusion the King was well satisfied in the two former, so that the manner might be changed and some things cleared. For the private baptism, it held three hours at the least, the King alone disputing with the bishops so wisely, wittily, and learnedly, with that pretty patience, as I think no man living ever heard the like.”¹

James’s learning surprised his new subjects. It was indeed his hobby to study and enlarge upon the Fathers and the old divines, and, like most lay students of divinity, he was fascinated with the subject and could never have enough of it. Bilson wrote of his “sharpness of understanding, matureness of knowledge, soundness of reason, firmness of memory, and aptness of speech.” The result of the discussion of the first day was the agreement upon certain changes with regard to excommunication, restricting private baptism, marking off Confirmation as a separate sacrament from Baptism, and inserting the words “or remission of sins” in the title of the Absolution at morning and evening prayer.

On Monday the King assembled the whole body, and addressed the “aggrieved sort,” asking for their objections. Dr. Reynolds pleaded for the Lambeth Articles, and for alterations in the Thirty-

¹ Montague in Nicholl’s “Progresses of King James I.,” i. 314.

nine Articles as they stood. Bancroft burst in with a somewhat ineffectual attempt to pour contempt upon the Puritans by a far-fetched jest: "I conclude you are of Master Cartwright's mind, who affirmed that we ought in ceremonies rather to conform to the Turks than the Papists; otherwise, why do ye come here in your Turkey gowns instead of your proper habits?" The humour of phrase was ill-timed. The stout objectors sat on in their rich gowns, and the King demanded that the objection should be formally answered. Bancroft was more successful in his theology than in his wit. He had little difficulty in persuading the King that it would be rash indeed to tie down the Church of England by the bonds of the Lambeth Articles to a rigid Calvinism such as he had never favoured. James himself would have, he said, Predestination "tenderly handled." Common sense, it would appear, was not out of court in the long theological discussion that followed. Such bitter questions as *intention* were debated by Dr. Reynolds, and one of the prime points in the controversy between Laud and Fisher twenty years later was touched by the King with a smart onslaught of practical application: "Why, this is like one Master Craig in Scotland, with his *I renounce* and *I abhor*, his multiplied *detestations* and *abrenuntiatiions*, which so amazed simple people that they fell back to Popery. You would swell the Book of Articles into a volume as big as the Bible: and I must carry my confession of faith in my table-book, not in my head."

James, shrewd as ever, had hit the weakness of the Puritan contention. Religion, he would say, must needs be a matter which, in its fundamentals, we may carry in our heads: it cannot be for every man to learn a long *catena* or *corpus theologiæ*, with its corrections and its qualifications. The King was reaching towards the conclusion which the greatest prelate of the age expressed in after years, "Nor will I ever take upon me to express that tenet or opinion, the denial of the foundation only excepted, which may shut any Christian, even the meanest, out of heaven."

Out of the controversies, however, some good did emerge. The Church Catechism was strengthened by the addition of the question and answers on the two chief Sacraments, and it was agreed that the Bible should be newly translated into English.

Hampton Court has thus a special claim on the interest of all English-speaking people, for it was there that the plan was made which gave to literature and religion the priceless treasure of the Authorised Version.

The High Commission was last touched on—a tribunal which no one really liked, bishops nor lawyers, lay folk nor ministers. It was compared with the Inquisition, and defended, and restricted. And nothing happened, as might have been expected. Besides this came the objections to the cross in baptism, to the surplice, and little matters which seem trivial to us to-day. James again had his flouts and jeers. "You aim at a Scottish Presbytery,

which agreeth as well with monarchy as God and the devil." Again the common-sense test is applied. Is there reason in taking the judgment upon any science of men who have not shared the subject? "Then Jack and Tom and Will and Dick shall meet, and at their pleasure censure me and my council and all our proceedings. Then Will shall stand up, and say, 'It must be thus;' then Dick shall reply, and say, 'Nay, marry, but we will have it thus.' And therefore, here I must reiterate my former speech, *Le roi s'avisera*. Stay, I pray you, for one seven years before you demand that from me, and if then you find me purse and fat and my wind-pipes stuffed, I will, perhaps, hearken to you; for let that government be once up, I am sure I shall be kept in breath; then shall we all of us have work enough, both our hands full. But, Doctor Reynolds, until you find that I grow lazy, let that alone." And again when Master Knewstubs, having failed in endeavours to bind his own burden on the back of all others, asked for a toleration some time for "weak brethren," James sharply retorted with questions—"How long should they be weak? Whether forty-five years were not sufficient for them to grow strong? Who they were that pretended that weakness, for we require not now subscriptions from laics and idiots, but preachers and ministers, who are not now, I trow, to be fed with milk, but are enabled to feed others."

Much might be written, and much has been—indeed,

too much—on the theological aspects of the Conference which gives Hampton Court a claim to commemoration in the history of the English Church; but two points are enough to emphasise here. It was this Conference which made it clear that, now the Reformation struggle itself was over, the English Church and its prelates and kings had no thought of accepting any changes which should sever them from the old order of the Catholic world. They still followed the Fathers as well as the Bible, and in ceremonies, as in doctrine, would not abandon the old, nor be led into the new straitness of a grim Genevan model. And if this point concerns historians and divines, there is another which is worth noting by the world at large. There is no theologian more vociferous than your layman. Give him free speech and he will never have done. Learning and wit behind him, he will tell his clergy their duty, and teach them their lesson with light heart and long tongue. James delighted in the Hampton Court Conference, for he could say his best and his utmost. And so, when men went away, it was the King's sayings and doings they most thought of. "No bishop, no king,"—and the strange comparison for the Presbyterian system, in which he had been brought up,—and his last words, "If this be all they have to say, I shall make them conform themselves, or I will harry them out of the land, or else do worse."

It was clear, when the Conference was over, that

the new King was determined to take the English Church' as he found it. "Whereas," says worthy Fuller, "it was hitherto disputable whether the north, where he long lived, or the south, whither he lately came, should prevail most on the King's judgment in Church government, this doubt was now clearly decided. Henceforth many cripples in conformity were cured of their former halting therein, and such as knew not their own till they knew the King's mind in the matter, for the future quietly digested the ceremonies of the Church."¹

James's own opinion of it all is on record clearly enough. He had already, on January 19, 1604, written to the two Universities warning them not to allow any man to "defend any heresie or maintaine any schismaticall trickes."² Now, he wrote to the Earl of Northampton:³ "We have kept such a Revell with the Puritans here these two days as was never heard the like, quhaire I have peppered thaime as soundlie as ye have done the Papists thaire. It were no Reason that those that will refuse the airy sign of the Cross after Baptism should have their purses stuffed any more with solid and substantial crosses. They fled me so from Argument to Argument, without ever answering me directly, *ut est eorum moris*, as

¹ "Church History," Book x.

² Strype's "Whitgift," Appendix, p. 238.

³ Ibid., 239. Mr. Gardiner ("History of England," 1603-1642, vol. i. p. 159 *note*) pointed out the absurd mistake by which this letter has been taken by its editors and by historians, as it was even by Archdeacon Perry in his "History of the Church of England," to be addressed to a Mr. Blake. Blake = black: 'Black Northampton.'

I was forced at last to say unto thaim, that if any of thaim had been in a college disputing with their scholars, if any of thair disciples had answered them in that sort, they would have fetched him up short in Place of a Reply; and so should the Rod have played upon the poor Boys"!

The Conference is certainly a prominent episode in the history of the Palace, and it is one which is not likely to be repeated. The Church now quietly and soberly pursues her course, ministering to the residents of the Palace. Some have of modern times dissented from her worship, but the order of the English Church has never ceased to be followed since the days of Wolsey, with the exception of the period of suppression under the Commonwealth, when Cromwell's daughter, Mary, privately married by the Church, was publicly wedded in the chapel according to the fashion of the Independents. Nor has the sovereign ever failed to provide a royal chaplain and a choir.

The chapel is well cared for. We must hope that it will not undergo further "restoration." Only the return of the old Caroline altar-rails may be pleaded for.

CHAPTER V

THE ART COLLECTIONS

1. The interest of the art collections : the china : the glass mostly destroyed.—2. The tapestries : embroidered hangings : beds : Wolsey's collection of tapestry : the great Watching Chamber : an unidentified subject : the triumph of Fate or Death : characteristics of the work : the Seven Cardinal Virtues and the Seven Deadly Sins : Flemish work : the Horn room : Bernhard van Orlay : the history of Abraham : its value : the different subjects : the richness of treatment.—3. Tapestries under Queen Elizabeth : in the Commonwealth : at the Restoration : under George I. : needlework : famous beds : carved chairs.—4. The pictures : general classification : the panel pictures in the Confessionary.—5. The Tudor pictures : Elizabeth's porter : scenes from the reign of Henry VIII. : portraits of the King : other persons of the age : the Holbeins : Sir Antonio More : Mary Queen of Scots : the four portraits of Elizabeth.—6. The collection of Charles I. : James I.'s pictures as illustrations of the history of his time : Vandyke, a prince of Court painters : Rubens : minor artists : the great works in Charles I.'s gallery.—7. The Triumph of Julius Cæsar by Mantegna : the history of the purchase : the condition and the position of the pictures : characteristics of Mantegna's work, illustrative of the Renaissance : the dignity of ancient Rome : an account of each scene of the Triumph : other works of Mantegna with the same idea.—8. Other Mantuan acquisitions in Charles's gallery : fifteenth - century painters : Jerome Bosch : sixteenth century ; Giulio Romano : Milanese school : Venetians : the *Shepherd* of Giorgione : "The Concert : " Lorenzo Lotto : minor masters : Tintoretto : Dosso Dossi :

Correggio: Albrecht Dürer: Mabuse.—9. The Georgian age: portraits of Madame de Pompadour and Benedict XIV.: the House of Hanover: Gainsborough's portraits of Hurd, Fischer, Colonel St. Leger, Hoppner's Lord Moira: the West gallery: West's merits and defects: the Death of Wolfe: the collection as a whole.

I

IF Hampton Court had not its unique charms of situation, or its delights of architecture and building, it would still be visited for its art collections. Tapestry, china, pictures are here which the connoisseur spends many an hour over, and which characteristically recall important periods of English taste. The china itself might give excuse for a volume to an enthusiast. Queen Mary II.'s beautiful Delft jars and bowls, and ornaments of all kinds, the relics of her "Delft ware closett," still add harmonious colour to the dark walls of galleries and little chambers. In the Queen's gallery are some charming specimens of the best Delft work, with the royal arms and cypher of William and Mary, the motto "Je maintiendray," and emblems of the three kingdoms. A case in George II.'s private chamber has some exquisite Oriental china. But it is impossible now to linger over this. Two special collections of pictures have been already spoken of—the "Beauties" of Lely and the "Beauties" of Kneller. The other pictures need a further examination. Before them a word may be said about the tapestries, which represent almost every period of the manufacture from

the days of Wolsey. The glass is also of various dates; a little of the old here and there has escaped the ravages of Puritanism, though all the chapel windows and all those in the hall have perished. Some new glass was put in in 1847, of which perhaps the less said the better, save that the shields in the windows in the great hall trace the descent of each of Henry VIII.'s wives from Edward I.

II

Of the decorative memorials of the Tudor age that now remain, the tapestries are the most important and the most conspicuous. Embroideries, the work of the hands of queens and fair ladies, have passed away: they have been mentioned in another connection.¹ One further word, however, may be allowed here. Embroidered curtains were made, with a curious and pleasing reverence, to veil pictures which might seem incongruous with a scene of revelry.² Beside the embroideries hung rich arras, and tapestries. Skelton's bitter satire on Wolsey speaks of—

“Hanging about their walles
Clothes of golde and palles,
Arras of ryche arraye,
Fresh as floures in Maye.”

¹ Page 58.

² “It is interesting to find in an old catalogue of Hampton Court how pictures of sacred subjects were thus decently veiled in the pro-

Eight rooms, said Giustiniani,¹ must be crossed before audience of the great Cardinal could be obtained—the way can still be traced, though doors are now here and there closed—“and they are all hung with tapestry, which is changed once a week.” And Du Bellay, who came with old Anne de Montmorency, enthusiastically declares that “the very bed-chambers had hangings of wonderful value, and every place did glitter with innumerable vessels of gold and silver. There were two hundred and fourscore beds, the furniture to most of them being silk, and all for the entertainment of strangers only.” One remembers Cavendish’s proud description of the occasion when Du Bellay was entertained, and can thus compare the foreigner’s impressions with the statements of the gentleman of the household.²

Wolsey indeed, as Mr. Law has said, had a passion for tapestry: just as a century later the ambassadors and political agents of the English King ransacked Europe, and even the far East, for books and manuscripts for Laud, the great bibliophile, so now the churchman at the head of affairs set his master’s envoys to work to collect tapestry and arras wherever it could be obtained. At home it was the same. Sir Richard Gresham was directed to measure eighteen rooms, and to buy hangings for them at over a

faner moments of court gaieties” (see inventory of Henry VIII.’s goods and 1 Edward VI., Harl. 1419, quoted by Felix Summerly (the late Sir Henry Cole), in his “Complete Handbook to Hampton Court”).

¹ “Venetian Relation,” ii. 314.

² Cf. above, p. 43.

thousand marks. In December 1522 he bought a hundred and thirty-two pieces, to decorate the tower and great gate-house, with the story of Esther, of Samuel, of Tobit, of Moses, of Tobias, our Lady, and so forth. The inventory of Wolsey's goods shows the enormous number of hangings that he had obtained. Some of the smaller pieces may be seen now set against the gallery in the great hall, worked with the arms of Wolsey and of York.

The quantity of tapestry collected by Wolsey was so enormous that a description of it here would be impossible. Attention therefore may be directed only to those pieces which still remain in the Palace. The most important are in the great hall and in the adjoining "great watching chamber." The latter is the more ancient. There are decorative strips with Henry VIII.'s arms, the Tudor badges, and the like. Beside these there are three sets of remarkably beautiful work, still wonderfully well preserved, and of the best age of Renaissance art. Of the first I must be content to quote Mr. Ernest Law's description.¹

"In the foreground is a female figure kneeling, and offering a chalice"—but it certainly is not a chalice; it is much more like a cake-dish—"to a man standing opposite to her, who appears to be admiring it, but refuses to accept it from her. By her side is an elderly lady conducting her forward, presenting her to the man, and a number of other people looking on.

¹ Guide-book, p. 95.

Behind, on a raised dais, are seated three queens with sceptres, and behind them is an open gallery, through the windows of which numerous persons are surveying the scene. Below, to the right and left, are many others, some in conversation or dalliance, and some playing on lutes and other instruments."

Many suggestions rise to the mind, but none gives a wholly satisfactory explanation. Yet, like "what song the sirens sung, or the name that Achilles bore when he was among the women," we may hope, with Sir Thomas Browne, that the secret is not past all reasonable hope of discovery. Perhaps it is but a variety of the story of the choice of Hercules; the young lady offers pleasure, the elder wisdom, and the Fates look on to decide the young man's career. Next stand three delightful examples of old Flemish work, dated circa 1470; three designs they are, out of a set of six, it is said, illustrating Petrarch's triumph of Love, Chastity, Death, Fame, Time, and Divinity. Death, Fame, and Time stand here in triumph; they have been here since Wolsey's day, nor is there trace in the inventories of 1568 and 1649 of any other of the series. The official description of these three extremely interesting pieces is the best that can be obtained.

1. *Pe Triumph of Fate or Death.*

This piece (which hangs to the left of the round bay window) portrays the Triumph over Sensuality of Chastity, who in her turn is assailed by the Fates, and ultimately subdued by them.



Group of
Chimney
in
Clock Court.

Left-hand side.—Above is the legend :—

Combiengue . l'omme . soit . chaste . tout . pudique
 Les . seurs . fatales . par . leur . loy . autentique,
 Trahent . les . nerfs . et . filletz . de . la . vie,
 A . cela . la . mort . tous . les . vivans . amovie.

On a car, drawn by four unicorns, is seated CHASTETE, attended by her maidens, who walk behind and at the side, carrying palms, while three angels suspend a veil above her head. On the far side the three Destinies, labelled ATROPOS, LACHESIS, and CLOTO, and riding on bulls, are seen attacking her, Atropos holding the shears in her left hand and with her right striking Chastity on the breast with her fatal dart. On the front part of the car, at the feet of Chastity, is a naked boy with his arms bound, representing Cupid; and below is a figure labelled VENVS being trampled under foot by the unicorns which draw the car, and on the backs of which angels are seated bearing lilies emblematic of Purity. In the foreground, on this side of the car, is LVCRECE, bearing a long pillar, with her train held up by a youth, BONVOLONTE, who offers her the dagger with which she destroyed herself after her violation by Tarquin. On the other side is a man on horseback labelled CHIPIONLAFICAN (that is, Scipion l'Africain).

Right-hand side.—Above is the legend :—

Le . Chaste . au . fort . plus . sainement . peult . vivre,
 Qui . se . treuve . de . grans . vices . delivre ;
 Mais . a . la . fin . il . ny . a . roy . ne . pape
 Grant . ne . petit . qui . de . ses . las . eschappe.

Here the three Fatal Ladies are represented in a gorgeous triumphal car, drawn by four bulls, richly caparisoned and ringed at the nose. In the centre enthroned aloft is ATROPOS, with her right hand resting on a skull and her left holding the shears and slitting the thin-spun thread of life, which CLOTO, on her left-hand side, is spinning from the distaff, and LACHESIS, on her right, is twining. At their feet lies Chastity, captive and powerless. A tablet on the car bears the verse :—

CLOTO . COLVM . BAIVLAT . NET .
 LACHESIS . ATROPOS . OCCAT .

On this side of the car is a warrior on foot, grasping in his right hand a javelin inscribed GREVANCE, and bearing on his left shoulder two clubs, PERSECVION and CONSOMACION. On the farther side is a crowd of figures being knocked down and crushed by the relentless progress of the car of Fate. Underneath the wheels and the bulls' feet lie many prostrate forms, which are being trampled on; and among them may be distinguished a king in his crown and robes, a burgher, a knight in his helmet, another king, and a pope with the triple tiara and cross. Preceding the car is an armed figure, COVRONS, brandishing in his right hand a javelin, labelled MALHEVR, and carrying over his left shoulder a club, labelled FORTITVDO.

There is a duplicate of this piece, with slight varieties, under the Minstrel Gallery.

2. *Pe Triumph of Renown.*

In this piece (which covers the south wall of the room near the bay window) is shown the overthrow of Destiny or Death by Fame or Renown.

Left-hand side.—Above is the legend:—

La . Mort . mord . tout , . mais . clere . Renomee,
 Sur . Mort . triumphe . et . la . tient . deprimme
 Dessoubz . ses . pieds , . mais . apres . ses . efforts
 Fame . suscite . les . haults . fais . de . gens . mors.

Here we see again the car of Fate, with the same motto on it as before, but LACHESIS and CLOTO are lying prostrate under the wheels; and ATROPOS is tottering from her throne, stunned by the blast of the trumpet of Fame, which RENOMEE is sounding in her ears. All around the car, in answer to the summons of Renown, throng a host of figures, labelled with the names of departed heroes, such as ROI PRIAM, PARIS, HERCVLES, MENELA, ALEXANDER, SALATINO.

Right-hand side.—Above is the legend:—

Qui . par . Virtu . ont . meritee . gloire,
 Qu' . apres . leur . Mort . de . leurs . fais . soit . memoire,
 Inclite . fame . neust . jamais . congnoissance
 De . Letheus . le . grant . lac . d'oubliance.

The same incident in another aspect is continued here. RENOMMEE, represented as a very beautiful winged female figure with a trumpet, is now standing on a magnificent car, drawn by four elephants, and captive at her feet appears ATROPOS seated. Attendant on her are a crowd of heroes on foot and on horseback, one of whom with an imperial crown is intended for Julius Cæsar. Others are labelled TORQVAT, CATHON, MARTIAS, PO'PEE LE GRANT, FABIRVS MAXIMVS.

3. *Ve Triumph of Time.*

Finally, there is portrayed in this piece, which hangs opposite the last on the north wall, the ultimate triumph of Time over Renown or Fame.

Left-hand side.—Above is the legend :—

Quoique . fame . inclite . et . honoree
 Apres . la . Mort . soit . de . longue . duree
 Clere . et . luyssant . neantmoins . tout . se . passe
 Tout . s'oblîe . par . temps . et . longues . passe.

The car of RENOMME is again shown here, but it is now turned in the opposite direction, and both the elephants that draw it, and the surrounding throng on horseback and on foot, appear to be in flight before some overmastering influence. Above this part of the picture are shown the signs of the Zodiac—Gemini and Cancer—and the flight of the fleeting hours, represented as female figures.

Right-hand side.—Above is the legend :—

Longuement . vîvre . que . t'aura . prouffite,
 Quant . tu . seras . es . latebres . geete
 De . ce . viel . temps . qui . tout . ronge . et . affine.
 Et . dure . apres . que . fame . meurt . et . fine.

The car of Time is here shown drawn by four winged horses. Renown is seated in front submissive at the feet of Time, represented as an old man with a flowing beard, crutches, and wings. Over all this are more fleeting hours, and the sun in a full blaze of splendour in the sign of the Lion.

Below, in the centre of this piece, is a scroll with the motto in hopeless dog-Latin :—

*Temporibus . fulcor . quantumlibet . inclitu . fama .
Ipsa . me . clausurunt . tempore . sera . piam .
Quid . prodest . hirsisse . diu . cum . fortiter . evo .
Abdiit . in . latebris . jam . me . tempus . edax .*

Two points especially invite attention. The classical and the literary interests are here combined in a manner eminently characteristic of the Renaissance. There is the ostentation of antique learning, the sense of design and unity of composition which is obtained from the study of classic models in literature and art. And besides this there is the curious similarity in idea, and even here and there in detail, to the magnificent "Triumph of Julius Cæsar" by Mantegna, which Charles I. bought and placed so appropriately at Hampton Court.

The third series consists of the three pieces which are now hung on the west side of the room. They are also of old Flemish manufacture. They represent the warfare of the Seven Cardinal Virtues with the Seven Deadly Sins, and the Blessed Trinity¹ in judgment, with Peace, Mercy, Truth, and Justice standing before. Pride, Gluttony, Acedia, Anger, Envy, Luxury, Covetousness, all mounted on strange beasts, are attacked by Hope. Latin legends explain each scene. The ideas are of a piece with those of old moralities, which, it may be, were often played in the hall adjoining the room where these tapestries now hang. These are probably the sets which are mentioned

¹ "Three old persons in episcopal habits with crowns on their heads and sceptres in their hands."

in the inventory of Cromwell's goods as hanging in the Paradise-room. The points chiefly noticeable in all are the merits of the designs and the formality of the execution. The stiffness of the figures is characteristic of Flemish work, and there is an ignoring of perspective, which may be intentional, and is not always displeasing.

In the Horn-room, which opens from the "Great Watching-chamber," a room originally used for the serving of dishes to the high table in the hall, with which it also communicates, are other pieces of tapestry—the story of Æneas, and an allegorical piece of which it is difficult to identify the subject.

In the great hall itself are copies of the Triumph of Fate, and two subjects from the history of Hercules—the taming of the steeds of Diomed, and his death. The tapestries under the gallery are valuable as illustrations of contemporary costume, and in some cases the faces are beautifully worked, reminding one of the best work on fifteenth century vestments that have come down to us. In date they stand between those of the Great Watching-chamber and the story of Abraham in the hall. Of the greatest treasure of all, the story of Abraham, only eight of the ten original designs now remain at Hampton Court. These have been hung in the great hall for the last half-century. They are believed to have been designed by Bernhard van Orlay,¹ court-painter to the

¹ There is a picture by him, "Venus mourning over Adonis," in the Hampton Court Gallery, No. 576.

Regent of the Netherlands, and executed between 1530 and 1541. Evelyn speaks of them as "designed by Raphael,"¹ under whom Van Orlay is supposed to have studied. The clearness and a certain simplicity in the designs may be said to show the influence of the great Umbrian. They are proved by marks to have been manufactured at Brussels. Their continuous connection with Hampton Court is traceable from the time of Henry VIII., in the inventory of whose possessions they are mentioned with the exact measurements, as "Tenne pieces of new arras of the Historie of Abraham." They are mentioned again by the Duke of Saxe-Weimar in 1613, and when the property of Charles I. was valued in 1649, were estimated at £10 a yard—in all £8260. They were taken for Cromwell's own use, and were seen at Hampton Court by Evelyn in 1662. This was the period of the greatest value of tapestry. James I. and Charles I. were both very fond of it, and generously supported the manufacture at

¹ "There is much in the style of Raphael in the treatment of the subjects. One boy in particular appears to have stepped from the cartoon of the Beautiful Gate. Bernard van Orlay, who was a successful pupil of Raffaello, was in the employment of Charles V., and was highly esteemed by that monarch. A peculiarity in his style of painting assimilated strongly to the richness of these hangings, and he very usually painted his subjects on a gilt ground. He was also employed by the Prince of Nassau to paint cartoons for tapestry. He has been frequently called Bernard of Brussels. It is more probable that the two B.'s worked on the edge belong to the director of the loom than to the designer, or they might seem to confirm the idea that these tapestries came from the Imperial Court."—Jesse, "*A Summer's Day at Hampton Court*," p. 25.

Mortlake. In 1625 Charles owed £6000 for three suits of gold tapestry made for him,¹ and the whole of the arras and tapestry hangings of the royal palace fetched £30,000 when they were bought for Cromwell.

Of all the tapestry of the sixteenth century that still remains in England, the "History of Abraham" is incomparably the most rich and the most beautiful. Each subject is enclosed in an elaborate border, in which the ideas of the story are introduced, and set in a fine canopy and scroll-work.

The first subject represents the departure of Abraham from his country, the farewells of his servants, while he kneels in prayer to God, Who from a cloud bids him go forth. The second contains the birth and circumcision of Isaac and the expulsion of Hagar. In the third, Eliezer is swearing to find a wife for Isaac from his father's kindred, and costly stuffs are being packed for him in quaint boxes, while the camels wait without. In the fourth,² Sarah is restored by Pharaoh with rich gifts. The fifth (which, again, is earlier than the second and third) shows the Three Men promising Abraham a son. In the sixth Abraham buys the field of Ephron. In the seventh Lot and Abraham separate, dividing the land; and in the last Abraham prepares to sacrifice Isaac.

These magnificent pieces of tapestry are remarkable alike for the clearness and boldness of the designs, and

¹ Cf. Countess of Wilton's "Art of Needlework."

² Surely this should be the second.

for the beauty and richness of the colours. Of the work itself, its combination of dignity with decorative effect, it can only be said that nothing like it has been produced till in our own day Mr. William Morris and Sir Edward Burne-Jones have given us "The Epiphany."

The ground of the borders, nearly two feet wide, is worked entirely in gold. In richness indeed the tapestries are unsurpassed. Of such Spenser may well have thought when he wrote—

"For round about the walls yclothed were
With goodly arras of great maiesty,
Woven with gold and silk so close and nere,
That the rich metall lurked privily,
As faining to be hid from envious eye."

A competent authority has even styled them "the finest ancient tapestries in existence."¹

III

From what remains of Henry's and Wolsey's tapestries, we can well imagine the magnificence of the Palace when Cavendish described it. This gorgeousness was maintained under Elizabeth. She delighted in tapestry as well as in needlework. Her "two presence-chambers shone with tapestry of gold and silver, and silk of various colours; her bed was covered with costly coverlets of silk, wrought in various

¹ Miss Lambert, "Handbook of Needlework," 1846.

patterns by the needle, and she had many 'chusions,' movable articles of furniture of various shapes, answering to our large family of tabourets and ottomans, embroidered with gold and silver thread."¹

Prince Otto of Hessen in 1611 made notes of many of the beautiful curios of the Virgin Queen and her successor, and among them he names several pieces of tapestry, some of which have now disappeared. Many of them were probably sold, all were certainly valued in 1649. The list of "goods viewed and appraised at Hampton Court in the custody of William Smithsbie, Esq., wardrobe-keeper, October 5th, 1649," is in the British Museum.²

Some of the hangings were purchased by Mazarin,³ but most of the furniture and tapestries passed into the possession of Cromwell, and much was brought back or recovered at the Restoration.⁴ Evelyn, as well as Mandeslo and other travellers, mentions the tapestries with admiration during Charles II.'s reign. Other pieces are mentioned as existing under William III.

The latest addition to the tapestries was made in George I.'s reign. Seven pieces now hang in the Queen's Gallery. These are from designs of Charles le Brun, and represent scenes from the life of

¹ The Countess of Wilton's "Art of Needlework," p. 292. This was published in 1846. We may thankfully welcome the disappearance of the "tabouret" and the exile of the "ottoman," relics of the "early Victorian period."

² Harleian MSS. 4898, f. 238.

³ Cf. Pyne's "Royal Residences," p. 71.

⁴ The "Inventory of Cromwell's Goods" is printed entire by Mr. Law in an appendix to his "History of Hampton Court," vol. ii.

Alexander the Great. They were bought by Cadogan, but it is not clear whether they were made at Brussels or at the Gobelin factory. They are a contrast to the older work, but they have a certain richness and decorative effect, and are certainly extremely fine examples of the eighteenth century tapestries, and admirably in keeping with their surroundings.

Of other work of needle and loom the Palace still contains several specimens, all worthy of minute inspection, such as the canopy that stood over the throne of William III., the bed of Queen Anne,—a beautiful composition of silk velvet elaborately worked in orange and crimson on a white ground,—and the bed of Queen Charlotte,—a charming specimen of the work of Mrs. Pawsey, a lady who started a school of needlework at Aylesbury, and was employed by the Queen. Her work in this case, lilac satin with wreaths of flowers in crewels touched up with silk, is extraordinarily delicate, and in the best style of Louis Seize.

Other furniture, chairs of William III.'s day, the very pattern of those the illustrator of the collected edition of Pope (1751) drew the ladies sitting on when they take coffee in the "Rape of the Lock," settees, cabinets, andirons, firebacks, all of great interest, still remain in the Palace, but over these we may not linger.

The great feature of the art collections is of course the pictures. These have been so long neglected that they seem especially to demand an attentive consideration.

IV

Scott when he went to Hampton Court said in 1828 very truly of the pictures as a whole, "They are not very excellent, but they are curious, which is as interesting except to connoisseurs." It is impossible here to consider all the pictures of note in any detail. They will, therefore, best be treated in connection with their historical associations. Thus viewed, they fall into four groups. First, are the pictures and portraits which belonged to, or which illustrate, the period of the Tudor sovereigns. Next are the remains of the collection formed by Charles I. Thirdly, the pictures of the age of William III. and of Anne form a group by themselves. And, lastly, come the portraits of the Georgian period. Besides these are the two special collections of "Beauties" already noticed. The ceilings may be rapidly dismissed. Nobody now admires Verrio's "sprawling saints," or is impressed by Thornhill's ridiculous apotheoses. As decorations, the farther off they are seen the better; as works of art, they plead to be forgotten. Very different is the ceiling in the "Confessionary,"¹ which recalls, says Sir J. C. Robinson, "the celebrated ceilings of the apartments of Isabella Gonzaga in the old palace at Mantua . . . and might almost be supposed to have been the work of the same artists." The panel pictures in the same room are, says the same eminent authority,

¹ See above, p. 10.

“exactly the kind of productions which would have proceeded from the hands of good but not pre-eminent masters originally trained in the severe Roman school, and chiefly accustomed to work in tempera or fresco.” They represent five subjects in the Passion.

V

The Tudor pictures have an interest all their own. Many of them, if not all, have been in the Palace since first they were painted, and all are closely associated with the English rulers who made the place their home.

The first to attract attention is the very problematical Zuccaro, an enormous picture of the giant porter of Elizabeth. It is dated 1580, and is a grim, unlovely thing : a curiosity, and as such it was retained by Cromwell. We then pass through many rooms before we come on any of this period. At length, in the large “Queen’s Audience Chamber,” we find a number of curious scenes commemorating the chief events of Henry VIII.’s reign. They are of very doubtful authorship, some showing the influence of Holbein, some merely the stiffest early Flemish work. They are certainly contemporary glorifications of the King’s victories in diplomacy and war. In one he meets Maximilian outside T  rouanne on August 9, 1513, resplendent in gold armour and vizor, as the histories tell. In another he stands on the deck of the *Great Harry*, ready to sail to France. This is not without

skill in the painting of the great ship, with her sails set, leaving the harbour. The "Battle of the Spurs" again presents the King in his gold armour. The "Field of the Cloth of Gold" itself displays the extraordinary minuteness in which the court painters of the age delighted. It is like a newspaper report or a photograph. Every historical incident is crowded into the canvas, and thus as a picture of the social order the work is invaluable. There is spirit, too, in the charming *insouciance* with which riders hurry hither and thither, kings meet, or stately ladies proceed in impressive line. To the "school of Holbein" may be ascribed, with the laxity of catalogue-makers, the stiff composition, rich with gold in canopy and decorative work, No. 340. It is strangely mis-labelled as it now stands. The catalogue of Charles I. says, "A long piece painted with gold, where King Henry VIII. sits with his Queen, and his son Prince Edward on the right side, and his two daughters, Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, standing at each side, and a fool at the left side in the door, with a jackanapes on his shoulder, and on the other side a waiting-woman." The Queen is probably Catherine Parr; on the right is Elizabeth, on the left Mary. The fool is the famous Will Somers, and the woman is probably "Jane the fool." The picture has special interest here because the background, through archways, shows the old Tudor garden of Hampton Court, exactly as the accounts describe it, with painted wooden rails and the king and queen beasts. The portrait of Henry

himself is small, and of the nature of illumination work, though it is eminently a portrait and a characteristic one.

More interesting and powerful portraits of the King are in other rooms. In the King's Gallery, made originally for the Raffaele cartoons, is a remarkably fine picture.¹ This was obtained by Charles I. from Lord Arundel, and is one of the best portraits of the King. His beard is still small and thin, his hair is cropped short, his eyes dark and penetrating, his expression coarse and sinister. It seems to be certain that Holbein had no hand in it, nor does it seem probable from the style that it is by Janet. A much smaller picture of the King as an older man is in the same room, and is almost equally interesting.

There are many other pictures of Henry VIII.'s period, nearly all worth examination. There is the Francis I. and his wife Eleanor of Spain, painted apparently by "Maistre Ambroise" at the time of their wedding. There are various contemporary battle scenes, such as the Pavia (No. 605), which belonged to Henry VIII. It is an interesting composition as an historical sketch of the scene, in which Francis I. is prominent. The extremely fine portrait of Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey,² is worth a careful examination. It is clear, impressive, telling, and the red dress is very effective, relieved only by the white at the sleeves and breast, and by the gold chain and gold on the shoes and the scabbard. There is a

¹ No. 563.

² No. 606.

charming drawing at Windsor of Surrey by Holbein, in which his prim, round face is looking full at the spectator. Here he looks to the right, and has his left hand on his sword-hilt. Experts will not admit the picture to be Holbein's, but it is impossible to deny its beauty and charm. More striking still is the "John Reskimeer of Cornwall" (No. 610), given to Charles I. and admittedly by Holbein. He wears a black cap falling slightly over the right eye. The left side of his face is turned towards the spectator. He has a long yellow or reddish beard and a pale face. It is a masterly picture.

Other Holbeins may be mentioned here, though they also came from Charles I.'s collection. The splendid portrait of Froben,¹ the great Bâle printer, solid, capable, humorous; the inferior Erasmus;² the Elizabeth Lady Vaux,³ are all well worth consideration—all interesting and significant portraits.

There is a very doubtful portrait of Queen Mary I., No. 640. This is more probably Christina, Grand Duchess of Tuscany. Her husband, Philip II. (No. 633), in a "black cassock lined with white fur," as Charles I.'s catalogue says, painted probably at the time of his marriage, is very probably the work of the great Fleming, Sir Antonio More, Holbein's successor as the chief portrait-painter of the English court. The reign of Elizabeth can be well studied here—at least

¹ No. 603.

² No. 597.

³ No. 591. Of this the drawing is at Windsor, and was engraved by Bartolozzi, as was the Reskimeer.

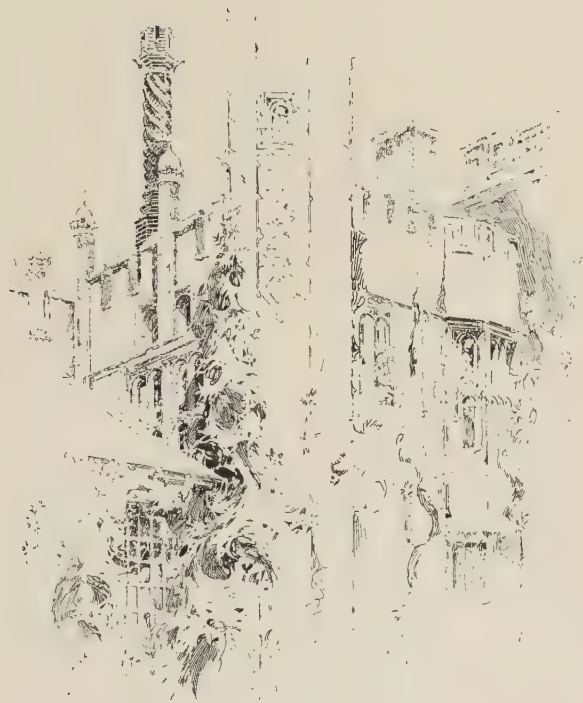
there are striking portraits of herself and of her great rival, and of a number of ladies and gentlemen of her court. Sir Antonio More has some other fine examples here of his rapid, impressive work. Walsingham, Dudley, Howard of Effingham, and other worthies, are here in their habits as they lived; and the pale, meagre face of Francis II., Mary of Scots' first husband. One of Queen Mary herself, by François Clouet, now removed to Windsor, a charming picture, is, like the most authentic portraits—as, for instance, that in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, formerly belonging to Dr. Wellesley—not too beautiful for belief. She is here¹ in white, with cap and veil, and curly reddish hair fringing the face.² Another portrait remains as No. 560. It is a copy by Mytens of an original now in the National Portrait Gallery and signed “P. Oudry.” This is not so pleasing, and certainly has no better claims to be considered authentic. Her mother-in-law, Margaret, Countess of Lennox (No. 559), is probably another of Mytens's copies.

But the portraits of Elizabeth herself far outweigh these in importance. There are four besides the smaller figures in the family group already mentioned.³ The first (No. 349) is most delightful and characteristic. It is a fanciful picture, probably by Zuccaro, in what some call a “Persian-looking costume,” but

¹ Formerly No. 631.

² Is this “the Queen of Scotland with the Dolphin of Fraunce, of Gennett's doeinge,” in the list drawn up for Charles when Prince of Wales?

³ Above, p. 173.



Tudor Gable
South Front

15

which more fitly might be called the dress of an Arcadian shepherdess. It is all in the style of the literary rusticity of the day. The Queen, with her fantastic dress worked with birds and flowers, her open bosom, and her high head-dress, worked like the gown, stands in a woodland scene with her hand on a stag decked with flowers. Perhaps she is "Dian chaste and fair," or a "passionate shepherdess." Certainly she is very sentimental, and the picture is loaded with mottoes more or less intelligible. Verses, perhaps her own, which seem to contain an allusion to one of her love affairs, complete the mystery of the picture :—

"The restles swallow fits my restles minde,
In still revivinge, still renewinge wronges ;
Her just complaintes of cruelty unkinde
Are all the musique that my life prolonges.

With pensive thoughtes my weepinge stagg I crowne,
Whose melancholy tears my cares expresse ;
Hes teares in sylence, and my sighes unknowne,
Are all the physicke that my harmes redresse.

My onely hope was in this goodly tree,
Which I did plant in love, bringe up in care,
But all in vaine, for now to late I see
The shales be mine, the kernels others are.

My musique may be plaintes, my physique teares,
If this be all the fruite my love-tree beares."

It is a picture which should be looked at again and again. There is no other which so happily conveys the idea of Elizabeth's coquetry and quaintness with her shrewd, direct common sense.

In No. 616, which again may be by Zuccaro, she is dressed in black and white with a high ruff, her hair in small rows of curls, with a fan in her small, white hand. In No. 635 she is every inch a queen, with the "crown imperial" on her head, the sceptre in her right hand, and the orb in her left. Two ladies stand behind her. In front are Juno, Pallas, and Venus, who all show surprise, admiration, and submission to this mightier divinity.

The frame bears an inscription which shows the spirit of the composition:—

*"Juno potens sceptris et mentis acumine Pallas;
Et roseo Veneris fulget in ore decus;
Adfuit Elizabeth, Juno percussa refugit;
Obstupuit Pallas, erubuitque Venus."*

Her dress is magnificent, her face far more pleasing and gracious than in other works. The artist was Lucas da Heere, who painted the picture in 1569, when the Queen was thirty-six.

A portrait of her in old age¹ completes the list. Here she is in white, with a red silk head-dress and a close ruff. This is believed to be the work of Marcus Gheerardt—Garrard, as the English called him—the elder. This is dignified, astute, weary, and an admirable completion of the cycle of portraits, which shows her in prim youth, artificial womanhood, queenly dignity, and cunning old age.

With Elizabeth the Tudor portraits end. There

¹ No. 619.

are many other pictures I have not mentioned, and there is much from the artist's point of view that is illuminative and suggestive. The Antonio Mores, the Reskimeer and Froben of Holbein, the Surrey, and the portraits of Elizabeth herself, are as important in art as in history.

VI

From the Tudor pictures we pass naturally to the great collection of Charles I., of which so many examples still remain at Hampton Court. This is fitly introduced by the few pictures which belong to the time of James I. These are mostly portraits, and most of them have been already mentioned in their historical setting. A record of Charles's madcap visit to Madrid is the Philip IV., and so also the Elizabeth of Bourbon his wife, both poor enough in the eyes of those who saw the magnificent Spanish Exhibition of 1895-96. They were probably sent to England sometime after Charles's return. But the large group of the family of the Duke of Buckingham, himself a great collector, painted by Honthorst¹ within three months of the Duke's murder, and Cornelius Janssen's charming full-face of him, with Garter robes, with a melting eye and somewhat of a simper; Mirevelt's charming boy, Prince Rupert, and a Count Gondomar, which may be by Mytens, stand out conspicuously

¹ I see Mr. Claude Phillips calls it "well known and particularly tiresome." But it is historically of great interest.

from the portraits of the period of Charles and his father.

Mytens is an artist who can be studied in England nowhere so satisfactorily as at Hampton Court. "Sincere and skilful, but cold and prosaic," an eminent critic calls him;¹ but an examination of the thirteen examples here may serve to justify a somewhat higher estimate of his power. There is perhaps no picture so striking as the Laud which was so long unknown,² but the portrait of James, second Marquis of Hamilton, is extremely interesting; and the Duke of Richmond and Lennox (No. 155) is equally attractive. The Count Mansfeldt is not so agreeable a work, but certainly merits the praise of being "sincere."

Next to Mytens, we look naturally at Hampton Court to Vandyke for illustrations of the reign of Charles I. First and foremost is, of course, the replica of the great Windsor picture of the King himself on his horse, with M. Saint Antoine at his bridle. It is a magnificent piece of dignity and colour, not, like so much that came from his studio, entirely of his own hand. A contrast is the voluptuous Mrs. Lemon, Venetian in its richness, and a step, as has been said, towards the still more sensuous presentments of Lely. The "prince of court painters" he was in a sense somewhat different to that in which Mr. Pater

¹ Mr. Claude Phillips, "The Picture Gallery of Charles I.," p. 117.

² It was exhibited at the Laudian Exhibition, January 1895, and is in a private collection.

gave the title to the delightful Antoine Watteau, and it is in such a place as Hampton Court that we should look to find a gallery from his hand. But the dispersion of Charles's collection scattered the portraits that once were here, and there remain only (besides the charming sketch of Madame de Cante Croix, of which the finished picture is at Windsor), sacred or mythological compositions, not always in his happiest style. The most important is the Cupid and Psyche, a late work, unfinished, with a singular charm.

“Rare artisan, whose pencil moves
Not our delights alone, but loves !
From out thy shop of beauty we
Slaves return, that entered free.
The heedless lover does not know
Whose eyes they are that wound him so,
But, confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name that has his heart.”

Pity 'tis that there are not here some of those fair ladies of whom Waller is thinking, and who walked through the trim gardens of Hampton Court when Charles the First was King.

Rubens we should name if there were much here of his to be observed ; but there is only the very doubtful Sir Theodore Mayerne (No. 711), and his composition, a great, coarse, yet powerful work, of Dian with nymphs and satyrs, with game by Snyders.

There are many other artists of this age here represented with whom we would gladly linger—Gentileschi; his daughter Artemisia, whose bright and vigorous

portrait of herself at the easel should be studied; Steenwyck the younger, precise and graceful artist; Honthorst, too, with his night-pieces, the Joseph and Mary (No. 383), and "Singing by lamplight" (No. 393), and that fine portrait of the unhappy Elizabeth of Bohemia (No. 128), worthy to stand beside Merevelt's charming presentment of her little son. This last picture, Mr. Law shows, was left to Charles II. (then Prince of Wales), by Sir Henry Wotton, in the words, "I leave to the most hopeful prince the picture of the elected and crowned Queen of Bohemia, his aunt, of clear and resplendent virtues through the clouds of her fortune." There are also the Poelembergs, and especially that of the children of Elizabeth of Bohemia; Van Bassen, Charles and his wife dining in public, which, though the scene is probably Whitehall, may give an idea of their life at Hampton Court; and many more.

"Old Stone" is here with a fine copy of Titian's Comaro family (No. 444). William Dobson, the kindly "English Vandyck," has here a "portrait of two gentlemen," and a charming half-length of himself and his wife.

From the portraits that belong to the historical setting of Charles's life we pass naturally to the collection which he formed. Here it is well to include other pictures of the same masters not necessarily collected by him. Charles was the only king who set himself to make a fine gallery at Hampton Court, and when we consider the masterpieces he collected, we may well put with them other works added at other times.

Charles it was who has enabled us at Hampton Court to study not a few of the great painters in a special and illuminative way. The galleries as we see them now are crowded, it is true, with a number of inferior pictures, and yet we feel that we are in the midst of a collection which could have been founded by no petty princeling, but by an English king, and a king who was an artist too. There is really a considerable number of pictures of the first class. Arranged together in a room like the "Tribuna" at Florence, they would be even more impressive than now, when we have to search for them among many inferior things. But when they are found, the great Tintoretto, the "Shepherd" of Giorgione, the Andrea Odoni of Lotto, the "Adam and Eve" of Mabuse, even Vandyke's "Cupid and Psyche," are enough to give fame to any great collection. And besides these, and the many charming works of lesser men, there is one mighty ruin from which we cannot withhold the tribute of a mingled admiration and regret.

VII

Of all the great acquisitions of Charles I., there was none greater than the nine pictures of Andrea Mantegna, the "Triumph of Julius Cæsar," and this is the one work of supreme merit which remains to us at Hampton Court from the magnificent collection the King made there. The picture-dealer Daniel Nys was employed from the beginning of

Charles's reign, or even before it, to purchase for him in Italy the works of the great masters. A special agent, Nicholas Lanier, was sent to join him. In 1627-29 were carried on the negotiations which ended in the purchase from Duke Vincenzo Gonzaga of much of his famous collection, of which the most precious portion was Mantegna's masterpiece. Nys bid against Richelieu, against Marie de' Medici, and her kinsman the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Month by month he was able to announce new successes—Correggios, Titians, Raffaelles—some of them sent home by Lanier, and at length, at the beginning of 1629, he secured, with "the Duke's collection of marbles and certain other pictures," for the price of £10,500, the great "Triumph" itself, "a thing rare and unique and its value past estimation."

The pictures from the date of their arrival in England have never left Hampton Court. They were valued for sale by the agents of the Commonwealth at £1000, but Cromwell had them reserved for himself. It may well be, as has been said, that their austere majesty appealed to him. William III. arranged them in the long "Queen's Gallery," now hung with the tapestries from Charles le Brun's designs which were bought for George I. Within the present reign they have been moved to the Communication Gallery, which connects the apartments of the King with those of the Queen.

We see them now under almost every conceivable disadvantage. They are arranged, it is true, in

order, and on one wall, so that the scheme may be followed, and none of the effect which that stately march is intended to give is lost. But in summer at least, the sunshine, or the reflection, on the glass, makes it difficult to observe them clearly or continuously. It is rarely, indeed, that the whole of any picture can be seen at one time. No arrangement of position that I can discover, or of the blinds that can be drawn down the great windows, makes much difference. We can only see them imperfectly and piecemeal. It is bad enough to see them; but worse remains behind. They have been patched, restored, repainted, treated with every indignity that can be imagined. "In the entire series there are perhaps not a dozen square inches in which Mantegna's hand is still visible," is the judgment of one of the latest and most competent critics.¹ They are rather, says another, "a memory than a work still extant; the question not being which parts of the composition are due to the restorer, but which, if any, reveal to the careful observer any traces of Mantegna's own handling."²

This is true enough, it must be admitted; and from the point of view of the connoisseur, who judges a picture according to the standard which his knowledge of its artist compels him to set up, it is fatal. But for the historian, and for the general observer, the "Triumph" retains an attraction which

¹ Mary Logan, "The Italian Pictures at Hampton Court."

² C. Phillips, "The Picture Gallery of Charles I.," p. 69.

it would be impossible to over-estimate. It represents the strength of the Renaissance, and that strange feature of it, as it seems to us—though it is not so rare a feature as some would suppose—its austerity. In descriptions of luxurious despots, sensuous popes, pedantic scholars, we are ready to forget the ideal which the best minds of the great revival of learning set before them. If Greece appealed to the imagination of the fifteenth century from the side of its free delight in life, its sense of the beauty of form, of the essential dignity of man as man, of the width and the satisfying power of any human interest, yet the solemnity, the justice, the impressive authority of Rome was little less attractive. The Roman ideal of political life was quoted even when it was not followed; the stateliness, the majesty, the formal pomp of old Roman society set the fashion for Italian courts, and gave a tone to many a poet and many a painter. And the greatest of all those whom Rome influenced was Andrea Mantegna. Few men knew more of its history, no one caught so much of its spirit. The story of the influences which made him so great a master will bear telling again. Squarcione was the founder of the school of learned painters which grew up under the shadow of the University of Padua, and gave itself to the study of ancient sculpture, and to the realisation of its principles in painting. Mantegna, his pupil (1431–1506), was the greatest master of the school. Two characteristics of his work are those, so far as we

know it, of the whole school,—his sense of form, “plastic rather than pictorial,” and his use of classical ornaments and designs in the details of his pictures. No one like him has ever turned a statue into a picture. The same austerity of pose, the absence of all triviality, the subordination of colour, of all the outer world of nature, to the recognition of the essential dignity of man, are in Mantegna’s painting—the reminiscences of what we see in the greatest works of the classical sculptors. Thus his pictures have an indefinable sense about them of purity and restraint, and at the same time they show humanity, thus simple and severe, as the master of terrestrial things.

Not the luxury, but the severity of Rome appealed to him,

“The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle
That’s curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian’s temple.”

Mantegna was much more than a painter, though as an artist he was supreme in technical excellence. He was a historian and scholar, and it might almost be said an architect. He took, as in the pictures at Hampton Court, or the “Triumph of Scipio” at the National Gallery, a well-defined but single subject from ancient history, and he poured into it all the knowledge that an antiquary could acquire. Statues, busts, medallions, coins, inscriptions, reliefs, the decorations of ancient columns and houses, the dignity of great buildings, the minuteness of detail and the sweep of great design—all these in the remains of

the old world had come to form and to mature his style. A simple austere man in idea, if not always in his life, which had something of the luxury as well as the pride of old Rome, he was himself a collector of antiquities, and it was his boast to have assimilated the ideas of the great nameless artists among whose works he delighted to live. "Good ancient statues" Vasari tells us that he believed "were more perfect and displayed more beauty in the different parts than is shown by nature."

In such a painter it might seem that the design was of supreme importance, and this at least is still preserved to us in the "Triumph of Cæsar." It is the extraordinary strength of the whole scheme, the overpowering sense of mastery that it has—the power that belongs to it, so that as you look long the whole scene seems to move, and you hear the steady tramp of the soldiers, and the majestic appeal of the trumpets as the mighty line sweeps on—it is its unique completeness of impression that makes this great work still one of the greatest of the world. In the painting, much if not everything is gone: the sweet faces of Mantegna, with their chaste simplicity, are bedizened with red cheeks and artificial smirks. The beautiful expression, the pathos and tenderness, which he knew so well how to impart (as in his Madonna and Babe in the National Gallery), have disappeared, but the perfection of form remains.

The pictures appear to have been painted between 1485 and 1492 for the Mantuan Duke Ludovico

Gonzaga, in the hands of whose descendants they remained till war and wrack and the coming end of the dynasty induced the sale to Charles I. Thus they have been practically in the hands only of two States from the day they were painted until now; and but for William III. and Laguerre they might have been worthy of so clear a descent.

They are worthy still of a detailed explanation, from the proud trumpeters who lead the procession to the pale Cæsar in his car, with palm branch and sceptre, and crowned by Victory with a laurel wreath. But only a brief word must be said here. The first picture contains the heralds, trumpeters with "tables" hanging from their trumpets, soldiers bearing S.P.Q.R., leaders of the triumph, with censers aflame, and a bust of Roma Victrix held high above their heads. In the second are the spoils of temples, antiquities such as Mantegna loved to paint, statues, busts, drawn on cars or carried in the arms of the crowd. The splendid triumphal car has not been repainted. One tablet is inscribed *Imp. Julio Cæsari ob Galliam devict. militari potentia triumphus decrectus invidia spreta superata*. Next come soldiers and youths turning to each other as they walk, with trophies, urns, and vases. Among those in this third picture a strong young man, with breastplate and short white breeches, rosy-faced (but with the colour of La Guerre), and confident, arrests attention. Behind come the oxen decked for the sacrifice, a flaxen-haired lad leading with his right hand on one of the oxen, whose unhappy *simper* reveals

the later hand. More trumpets herald the fifth picture, in which torches and candelabra are held aloft, and urns carried, while mighty elephants, richly caparisoned, close the scene. In the sixth, men carry vases on a stretcher, and behind them others bear helmets, shields, and breastplates, the arms of the vanquished. In nothing is Mantegna's mastery of detail and his appreciation of chaste classical design seen more clearly than in the armour which is the chief feature of this picture. In the seventh division are the captives, stately women, senators, children, with a wonderful dignity and resignation upon their faces. Behind are musicians and singers, soldiers with eagles and the emblems of the Roman state; and last of all, in a car which still preserves much of the beauty of the master's touch, comes the solemn Julius proud and unmoved, fit representative of the state which conquered the world. Before him a man holds up a medallion with the words *Veni, Vidi, Vici*; behind are men with incense-burners, and around are boys with branches of laurel.

No doubt the impressiveness of the whole picture is due not a little to the size. The small studies in *grisaille* at Vienna, undoubtedly not from Mantegna's hand, but designs for the woodcuts executed by Andrea Andreani in 1599, are clear and exquisite themselves as a sculptured frieze, but have not the dignity and solemn stateliness of this great work;¹ nor has the "Triumph of Scipio" in the National Gallery,

¹ Only eight of the drawings are now in the Vienna Gallery.

masterpiece though it is of historical accuracy and skilful arrangement. There are other copies of the "Triumph of Cæsar," but I have not seen them. The Vienna work, in the clearness with which every scene can be traced and every design understood, and the Hampton Court pictures for their size and magnificence, may well represent to us what Mantegna meant in what was probably his greatest memorial of old Rome. The severity, the power of it all, is what impresses: the virile domination, the invincible air of mastery. The soldiers may keep tune to the soft music of flutes, but we see that they have come from sterner music. They remind one irresistibly of "Coriolanus" or of Handel's marches and songs of triumph. One would think that Charles I., keenest of Shakespeare's lovers, read his "Julius Cæsar" in the light of this picture. The stately Romans who triumph in it are each of them men such as the Brutus who loved not Cæsar less but Rome more, or the Coriolanus to whom Rome's honour and his own pride were one; and Handel may surely have looked on it when he wrote "See the conquering hero comes."

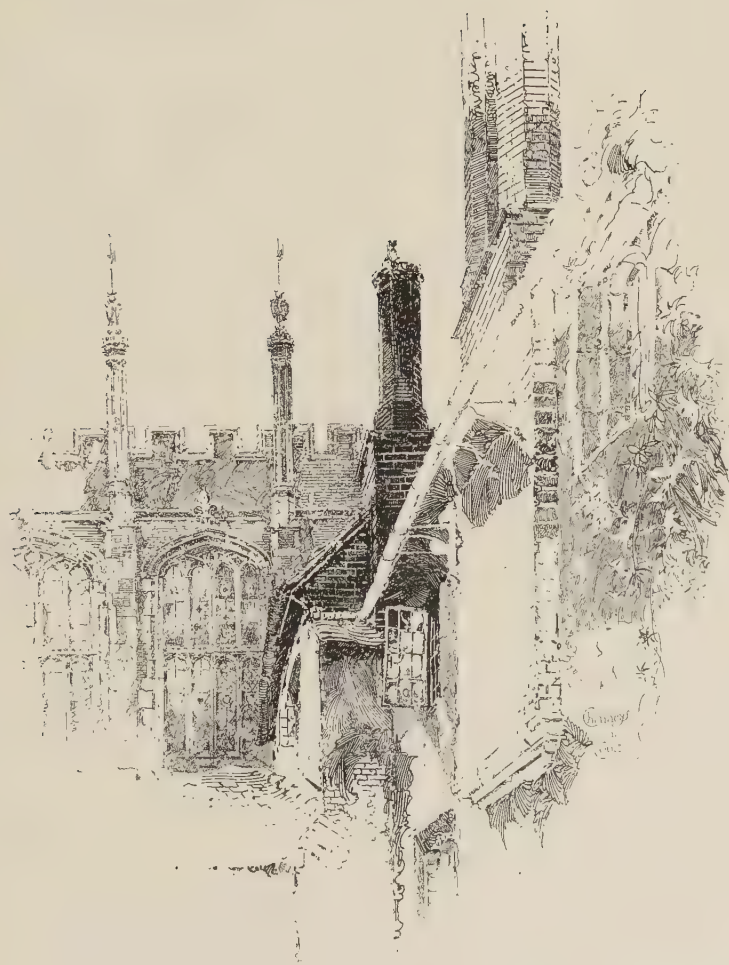
How differently the classical age appeals to different men may be seen if we turn from the magnificent stateliness of the fifth of these pictures to Rubens' imitation of it in the National Gallery. To the Fleming the glory of triumph means luxury and joy: to the staid master of the Paduan school it is stern simplicity even in its greatest success.

VIII

The "Triumph of Cæsar" remains unique. Many other Mantuan acquisitions may be traced in the dispersion of Charles's collection, but few are still at Hampton Court. Perhaps the charming S. Catherine reading, a Correggio of exquisite grace, may have been one which Lanier brought from Mantua for Charles, but it is by no means certain.

We may turn also to the splendid and significant Francia (No. 307), which it seems certain came from Mantua. It is a baptism, greatly resembling that at Dresden, which is dated 1509. In the background are the crowds on the margin of the stream; the Lord stands with hands in the attitude of prayer; S. John with humble, attentive face bends to take the water from the shallow stream in which He stands. Not far from this is the picture called a "portrait of Giovanni Bellini by himself" (No. 317), which is almost certainly neither of nor by Bellini. Mr. Phillips cannot "with confidence ascribe a name" to it: another writer says it is certainly by Bissolo. In any case, it is a characteristic piece of fifteenth-century Venetian art, showing still, with all its damage, a fine feeling and individuality.

To the fifteenth century belongs, too, that most startling of contrasts, from the early Netherlands painter, here coarsely humorous and incongruous,



Jerome Bosch—a “fantastic representation of Hell.”¹ This was certainly in Charles’s collection; it was given him by the Earl of Arundel.

Charles’s gallery reached its climax of splendour in its representation of the sixteenth-century painters. The man with a black cap (No. 710) cannot sustain its claim to be a Raffaele, and the gallery is robbed by South Kensington of the majestic cartoons; but his favourite pupil, Giulio Romano, is happily represented by his two equestrian Cæsars (Nos. 257 and 290). There are several others—such as 247, “An Ancient Sacrifice,” in the archæological style that was his forte—and a copy, very charming, of the Madonna della Quercia, by his hand.

There is (No. 64) a very good version of Lionardo’s Infant Christ with S. John, which Mr. Phillips ascribes to Marco d’Oggionno; and another edition of a Lionardo, “Portrait of a Woman with Flowers” (No. 61), which some have declared to be a Luini.

Among the Milanese pictures are the S. Catherine with a palm-branch (No. 259), by Giampetrino, and the Salome (No. 241) which Mr. Claude Phillips says is a copy from Cesare da Sesto.²

When we turn to the Venetians we find the true splendour of the gallery. In spite of warring critics and the severe judgment of Mr. Claude Phillips,³ it

¹ No. 753.

² He refers to the Vienna Gallery, No. 20, for the original: I did not discover this in a visit in April 1896.

³ “Picture Gallery of Charles I.,” p. 88: “The execution too flimsy and superficial, the loose style of painting too late for him.”

is difficult to resist the feeling that in the Shepherd,¹ in white shirt and grey cloak, holding a flute in his hand, we have a genuine and exquisite Giorgione.

It is a picture full of a real and unspoiled delight in life, pastoral, human, simple, pure. The sympathetic writer whose charming *brochure* should be in the hand of every visitor to the gallery, says: "The face is so radiantly beautiful, that even retouching and blackening have not been able to hide the fine oval, the exquisite proportions, the lovely brow, the warm eyes, the sweet mouth, the soft waving hair, and the easy poise of the head."² This enthusiastic writer, following Mr. Bernhard Berenson, will allow no other picture in England to be by the hand of Giorgione, dismissing not only the National Gallery "Knight" as a "poor copy" of the figure in the famous altarpiece that Mr. Ruskin has so loftily praised, but also all the others at Hampton Court—60 and 183, as by Dosso Dossi, 87 "from the workshop of Bonifazio," 158 as of the school of Paris Bordone, and the rest as "an insult to the name of any master."

"The Concert" (No. 144), a rather sly damsel singing, and three male faces, which Mr. Berenson³ will not admit to be a Lotto, still less a Giorgione, is assigned to the little-known Morto da Feltre. Its chief interest "lies in its mystery."

From Giorgione we pass to Titian, whose magnificent

¹ No. 101.

² Mary Logan, "The Italian Pictures at Hampton Court," p. 13.

³ "Lorenzo Lotto," preface.

though injured portrait—not Alessandro de' Medici—(No. 149) is one of his finest works. With this may be compared the No. 113, indeed a noble face nobly rendered, which is by 'Mary Logan' considered to be a Titian, but which has been identified with a portrait declared in Charles I.'s catalogue to be by Tintoretto. It is a more personal picture, and more advanced in style. Copies or works of his school which are worth consideration are the pretty Holy Family with S. Bridget (No. 79), an exquisite group, of which the original is at Madrid.

Mr. Berenson's new and elaborate book¹ has given a fresh interest to the study of Lorenzo Lotto. He has traced his artistic origin, his history, his development, and the surviving examples of his work, with the patience and the acuteness of a true critic. He places first among the pictures of this master at Hampton Court No. 114, bust of a young man—a full face, personal and expressive, painted when he was still under the influence of Alvise Vivarini. It is certainly one of the finest of his portraits, the pose so striking, the face so firm and unconventional. Interesting though this is, it bears no comparison with the magnificent Andrea Odoni, which is not fully sympathetic perhaps, but in its technical qualities is superb. Many minor masters, who felt the same influence as Lotto, here claim attention—Savoldo, Palma Vecchio (a fine Madonna and Saints, No. 115), and a "Shepherd's Offering" (No. 163), Cariani (No. 135,

¹ "Lorenzo Lotto," Putnam, 1896.

the "Shepherd's Family"); and not far from these may be ranked the fine Pordenone (a man in a red girdle, No. 92) and the rather clumsy Bernardino Licino family (No. 104). Paris Bordone too can be studied here in his love of beauty untouched by high thought (No. 118).

Tintoretto, the great, single-minded, powerful, proud genius who painted the Nine Muses (No. 77), shows here his mastery of colour and of form. They are playing musical instruments, turning to each other in delight, and in poses which show the master's supremacy in modelling. The centre of the picture is in a flood of light. "Queen Esther before Ahasuerus" (No. 69), stately, vivid, hangs in the same room. Portraits, too, from his hand are here, Nos. 120, 78, 91—all fine examples of his power of rich and impressive presentation.

Nor must we forget Bassano, in whose work the gallery is rich, or that graceful and decorative artist, Andrea Schiavone, whose charming "Tobias and the Angel" is No. 88; and his large "Judgment of Midas" (No. 175) in the King's Drawing-Room. Palma the younger, too, has the "Expulsion of Heresy," from King Charles's collection (No. 159)—angels at the word of three doctors of the Church driving downwards the heresiarchs—and the "Prometheus chained to a Rock." Minor pictures crowd round us, all deserving some attention, such as the number of portraits by or related to A. Solario; the twelve scenes, so fresh and brilliant, from the story of

Psyche, by L. Giordano; to the broad decorative pictures of Ricci in the audience-chamber.

Dosso Dossi has the "S. William taking off his Armour" (No. 183), a fine, pathetic, impressive half-length, with flashes of colour across the steel; and the fine and characteristic Holy Family (No. 97), and the quieter portrait No. 80. They are not unworthy examples of the greatest master of the Ferrarese school, a colourist who in his way is fitly compared to Titian.

Correggio was an artist whom Charles particularly affected; and here we have his early Holy Family, suggestive of Dosso, and with an exquisite charm in the face of the Madonna (No. 276); and beside it (No. 281) is the late S. Catherine. These are, of course, but small examples of Charles's collection, and of a master who can be studied most satisfactorily in the great gallery of his native Parma. But the taste for Correggio, with all his modernness, is a special one, and in such a gallery as that at Hampton Court two specimens are enough. In the Holy Family the artificiality and affectation so prominent in his later works are but slight. Parmegianino, his exaggeration, may be seen in Nos. 174 and 306, the latter a charming picture. Allori's "Judith" (No. 99), I think a copy, is impressive.

Italy furnished by far the largest proportion of Charles's collection, but there still remain at Hampton Court some significant examples of the art of other nations. The fine, cold, "red-faced man, without a beard" (No. 589) is a genuine Albrecht Dürer, with

much of his impressive and solemn feeling about it. Remigius van Leemput preserved for Charles II. Holbein's "Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, with Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour," a fine little copy of the Holbein fresco destroyed at Whitehall. Mabuse's Adam and Eve, ugly and ungainly enough though one sometimes thinks it, is famous as a characteristic blending of the Flemish feeling and the ideal Italian Renaissance. Solomon de Bray's Family Group (No. 66) is a notable specimen of a rare artist. The two heads by Rembrandt (Nos. 381, 382) will not easily be forgotten. Among the Dutch pictures, though it is probably not from Charles I.'s collection, is a striking Crucifixion triptych by Lucas van Leiden.

It is ill to hurry over a field so vast, but enough has been said to show that the gallery, of which Charles's collection is the nucleus, is worthy of a far more minute inspection than it is the custom to give it. It is still an honourable memorial of the connoisseur-king who gave it its greatest glories.

IX

The next broad division of the Hampton Court pictures is formed by the Georgian age. Charles II. had his collection, it is true. Indeed, the Dutch States made him a fine present in the collection of Van Regust, a collector who had bought much from the gallery of Charles I. James II. added some Vandeveld

sea-fights, William III. some glorifications of himself. The Hanoverian additions are of a different kind. Severe critics might say that the Hampton Court galleries have been regarded as the rubbish-heap of the royal palaces. But this would be a short-sighted judgment. Much that is of very considerable historical interest has been added to the galleries within the last century. There are, in the first place, a few interesting portraits which have no special English connection. Two of these cannot fail to attract attention.

No. 429 is a charming replica of Drouais' portrait of Madame de Pompadour, now in the possession of Lord Rosebery. This has been very unfairly criticised. Artificial and mincing no doubt it is, but so was its subject. The colour is exquisitely pure, the tone exquisite; an undefinable charm lingers on the face, so sweet, so prettily set in its quiet mobcap. The dress of figured brocade, the tambour frame in front, add to the decorative effect of a very charming picture.

Another equally interesting portrait is that by Battoni of the reforming Pope Benedict XIV., a happy presentment of a keen and kindly face. It is pleasant to have at Hampton Court so good a memorial of so enlightened and beneficent a man. There are many other portraits of foreign statesmen and kings, among them a pretty Louis XIV. when young, in armour, ascribed to Mignard.

English royalties, of course, claim attention. There is a not unpleasing portrait of Queen Caroline, George II.'s "fat Venus." George himself appears in four

examples, as Prince of Wales and as King, in the Garter robes. There is a good Kneller George I. George II.'s three elder daughters, so well known to us from Lord Hervey's *Memoirs*, are No. 514, painted by Maingaud, artificial and unattractive, and more prettily the Princesses Emily and Caroline, in No. 517. Near them are their brothers, William Duke of Gloucester (if it be he) and Frederick Prince of Wales, the latter by Vanloo. The whole family of "Prince Fred" is also represented in No. 361, with a portrait of their father, then dead, on the wall. George III. appears several times in the galleries, notably among the collection of West's pictures, and in the picture of his review of the Tenth Hussars by the "attractively superficial" Sir William Beechey, most prolific of all English painters. There are several portraits of Queen Charlotte and her children, all interesting, and some pretty ones of some of the Princes when young. On the whole, the Hanoverian royal family could hardly be more completely studied than at Hampton Court.

The prominent personages of the time are also well represented. There are two portraits by Gainsborough of Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, tutor to George III., a kind, good man, whose face gave no great opportunity to the artist. His Dr. Fischer (No. 352) is far more significant, a speaking likeness indeed, full of vivacity and genius. Next to it is the charming Colonel St. Leger, in red uniform, so happy, light, sympathetic, and yet so expressive of the fact that there is little to express. There are several Hoppners, too, but, strange

to say, not a single Reynolds. Perhaps the most interesting of the Hoppners is the portrait of the first Marquis of Hastings, better known as Lord Moira (No. 358), the friend of George IV., who atoned for political failures in England by a brilliant governor-generalship in India. He is in uniform, the tight, white breeches set off by the red coat—a little, monkey-faced man. The words in which Scott recorded his death are an admirable comment on the picture: "Poor old Honour and Glory dead—once Lord Moira, more lately Lord Hastings. He was a man of very considerable talents, but had an overmastering degree of vanity of the grossest kind. It followed, of course, that he was gullible. In fact, the propensity was like a ring in his nose into which any rogue might put a string. He had a high reputation for war, but it was after the pettifogging hostilities in America, where he had done some clever things. He died, having the credit, or rather having had the credit, to leave more debt than any man since Cæsar's time. £1,200,000 is said to be the least. There was a time that I knew him well, and regretted the foibles which mingled with his character, so as to make his noble qualities sometimes questionable, sometimes ridiculous."¹ There is a pleasing portrait of the literary lady Mrs. Delany by Opie (No. 375), and there are many more of the same period.

But most characteristic of the age of George III. is the collection of the pictures of Benjamin West

¹ Diary, December 22, 1826.

in Queen Anne's Drawing-Room. This artist, so greatly belauded in his day, and of so singular a history, can nowhere be studied, for his defects and his not inconspicuous merits, so well as here.

The first of American artists, he was born at Springfield, Chester, Pennsylvania, on October 10, 1738; he studied in Rome, became an honorary member of the Academies of Parma, Bologna, and Florence, and in London not only competed as a portrait painter and in classical scenes with the great artists of his day, but successfully introduced a revolution in historical portraiture. His classical and his Scriptural pictures at Hampton Court show him at his weakest, when he does not even rise to be "the king of mediocrity." They are utterly tame and cold, and profoundly dull. Stilted, antiquarian, stiff, academic, he endeavoured what artists such as Wilhelm Kaulbach and Charles le Brun had in their different ways achieved with more success—a spiritless representation of the past according to the methods of the *cinque-centisti*. His portraits are certainly much better. There is a quaint one of Queen Charlotte with her thirteen children, quite small, seen as it were in a vision; a quite pretty picture of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, and another of the Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Kent. George III. (No. 318) in military uniform, with a view of Coxheath Camp in the background, and Lords Amherst and Lothian in attendance, is well worth attention. This plain, sober, straightforward picture, thoroughly natural

and human, prepares us for his greatest work, "The Death of General Wolfe" (No. 320). This is the high-water mark of his style. He had dared to paint military scenes without a cloak of classicalism. He dressed his soldiers as they lived. It was a veritable revolution, and it may be said to have founded a whole modern school of art. Though they have long ago cast off his stiffness, his classical poses, his methodical arrangement, our modern battle-painters may trace their origin to Benjamin West. And "The Death of General Wolfe" is really a triumph of its kind. Careful as is the grouping, it is not too obviously artificial; skilful as is the lighting of the picture, it is not unnatural. And the scene is told with sober sincerity, honesty, and with a genuine pathos.

What a furore it created we all know, from the popularity of the engravings of it, and the host of imitations which the next fifty years produced. For half a century there was not a prominent military death which was not painted in a composition more or less closely modelled on West's *chef d'œuvre*. From Copley, also an American, to the artists who painted Nelson's battles, the line continues. It is hardly even now extinct.

"The Death of Wolfe" is a picture easy enough to sneer at, but in historical interest, in sympathy, in composition, and in colour, it is a work which is worthy of a full and respectful attention. The "West Room" at Hampton Court is not the least interesting or characteristic in historic attractions of the Palace.

So we may bid farewell to the pictures. The whole collection is an eminent example of the merits and defects of the eighteenth century galleries. If it is not, nor ever has been, a rubbish-heap, there is a vast deal of rubbish in it. Pictures crowd the walls which were bought because they were popular, but which were not meant to "live." But with all its defects, the collection is that of a king; and not many a palace anywhere can show so many striking pictures.

To have opened it to the public is a service for which the British people, students as well as sight-seers, owe to Queen Victoria a debt of very genuine gratitude.

CHAPTER VI

LITERATURE AND GOSSIP IN THE LAST CENTURY

1. Hampton Court in literature: Thomson's rhapsody.—2. The "Rape of the Lock": Pope's fondness for the Thames: his country inspiration limited to its banks: the origin of the poem: its three foundations: the "Rosicrucian doctrine of spirits": Marmontel's Sylphs and Pope's "The Expedition to Hampton Court": the game of ombre: the severed lock: Pope's letters: the life of a Maid of Honour.—3. Lord Hervey's life: Miss Bellenden and Miss Lepel: Queen Caroline: George II. and his family: Prince Frederick: the hasty drive to St. James's: Queen Caroline's death: later visits of George II.: changes since his time: the Royal fondness for Hanover: English character of Hampton Court.

I

HAMPTON COURT was so popular a resort for society under Anne and the Georges, that the difficulty in writing of its literary *souvenirs* is rather to exclude than to illustrate. Jimmy Thomson brings in the Palace as the climax of his enthusiastic rhapsody on the Thames:—

"In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
There let the feasted eye unwearied stay;

Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods
 That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat.
 And stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
 Now let us trace the matchless vale of Thames,
 Fair winding up to where the Muses haunt
 In Twitnam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
 The healing god—to Royal Hampton's pile."

The home of the court for so many years, the interests of politics and literature met within its walls. It would be difficult to say whether it was better known as the home of statesmen or the resort of wits. But one distinction it enjoys which no other royal palace can rival. It is the scene of the most characteristic, and in its way the most perfect, poem of the age, "The Rape of the Lock."

II

"Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
 Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
 Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home ;
 Here thou, great ANNA, whom three realms obey,
 Dost sometimes Counsel take—and sometimes Tea."

A generation which ignores Pope, as it has forgotten Dryden, should yet find time to read, in the summer afternoons on the terrace by the Thames, the poem in which the former has given Hampton Court a literary immortality.

Among all the century's delightful legacies, there is nothing more characteristic or more charming than "The Rape of the Lock." Most delicious of all poems of artificial society, most polished, most redolent of court and fashion, of wit and grace and *insouciant* ease, its crisp couplets seem to compress the very spirit of the life that was so naturally artificial when Anna took Tea and Pope rhymed and told scandalous stories.

"Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing,"

young Master Pope had said, when at sixteen he lisped in numbers, the first fruits of his friendship—"at very unequal years," as the learned Mr. Warburton, his editor, has it—with Sir William Trumbal, late Secretary of State to his Majesty King William. Often, it is likely, the elderly politician had walked with the clever boy in the gardens of the Palace, whence he had retired—

"Too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,"

that he might

"Enjoy the glory to be great no more"¹—

telling tales of public business and court intrigue.

The scenes amid which the young poet first tried his hand at verse-making remained the favourite setting for his stories all his life long. Public life and

¹ Pope's "Pastorals," *Spring*.

society indeed were centred, during the first half of the eighteenth century, round the Thames valley. From Pope, in his villa at Twickenham, when he had left

"Thy forests, Windsor, and thy green retreats,
At once the monarch's and the Muses' seats,"¹

to Horace Walpole, in his Gothic castle, is a step which includes all the literature and much of the learning of a brilliant age. It is a dazzling prospect which combines memories of Gibbon and Lord Hervey, Swift and Arbuthnot, Steele and Addison, Chesterfield and George Selwyn, essayists and poets, wits and historians. It would be interesting to inquire, too, how much of the rural poetry of the age² owed its inspiration to the banks of the Thames, or how many a Strephon had wandered beyond the woods and fields which skirt its

"Swelling waters and alternate tides,"

when he began to hymn the charms of his Chloe in strains which seemed to his age to express the very genius of country life. Pope himself can never get far beyond the Thames or its tributaries. When he is in his tower at Stanton Harcourt, telling the pretty tale of the two innocent rustic lovers struck by lightning, it is in the water-meadows which that

¹ "Windsor Forest."

² And, of course, of the preceding age. *Cf.* *Dunciad*, iii. 19-20 :—

"Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
Once swan of Thames, tho' now he sings no more."



The Master Carpenter's
Court

river floods that the tragedy has occurred. When he stays with my Lord Bathurst at Cirencester, he is dreaming of a great canal which shall wed the Severn to the river by whose streams he was nurtured. Thames is the presiding deity of his rustic pantheon, and round him circle the satellites, the little streams which combine to enhance his glory :—

“Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
Who swell with tributary arms his flood ;
First the famed authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame ;
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown’d ;
The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown’d ;
Cole, whose dark streams his flow’ry islands lave ;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave ;
The blue, transparent Vandalis appears ;
The gulphy Lee his sedgy tresses rears ;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood ;
And silent Darent, stained with Danish blood.”¹

“The Rape of the Lock” is the culmination of this influence. The story, like its fair heroine, is

“Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames,”

and under all its brilliant epigram, and clipt, biting phrase, the ripple of the water is heard in every line. An excursion to Hampton Court was the foundation of the “heroi-comical poem,” as its author calls it ; and in nothing is the charm of the Palace in its renewed youth more happily expressed. To compose a serious dissension was the object, it is said, of Mr. Caryll (“a

¹ “Windsor Forest.”

gentleman," in Warburton's words, "who was secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II., whose fortunes he followed into France, author of the comedy of *Sir Solomon Single*, and of several translations in Dryden's *Miscellanies*"), in proposing to Mr. Pope that he should record in verse—

"What dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,"

"on the trifling occasion" of Lord Petre's having cut off a lock of the hair of Miss Arabella Fermor. At first a mere *jeu d'esprit*, for the entertainment of the lady herself and her friends, it grew into a long poem, by the addition of the "machinery of the sylphs." The Thames, the sylphs, and a lock of hair are the foundations for this most charming of all delicate satires on human folly.

For the Thames, the love of it was in Pope's blood, and no one, till Thomas Love Peacock in "*Crochet Castle*," so happily could paint the pleasures of a water party :—

"But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides ;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die.
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay."

And no less happy in mastery is Pope when he adds the sylphs to the "machinery" of the poet's craft. The "*Rosicrucian doctrine of spirits*" he

calls it in his slyly ceremonious introduction, and "I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady:" so "the Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both in its title and size is so like a novel, that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake." What the *Count of Gabalis* has introduced into literature and Mr. Pope into poetry, Monsieur J. F. Marmontel¹ has shown as entering into the most intimate thoughts of the fanciful ladies of the age. Pope's delightful "machinery" made the sylphs the fashion. "La fable des Sylphes étoit à la mode." The "Airy Beings" who wait upon Belinda become of the very texture of the dreams of the fair Elise when she quits the convent to be the wife of the Marquis de Volange, persuaded that next to a lover the most dangerous being in all nature is a husband. So "il lui étoit tombé sous la main quelques-uns de ces romans où l'on peint le commerce délicieux de ces esprits avec les mortelles; et pour elle ces brillantes chimères avoient tout le charme de la vérité." Belinda, or Mrs. Arabella Fermor, must needs be informed of the gentle spirits who wait upon her; as that "the four elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The gnomes, or Dæmons of Earth, delight in mischief, but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are

¹ *Contes Moraux*, "Le Mari Sylphe."

the best-conditioned creatures imaginable. For they say any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preservation of Chastity." But Elise accepts them as a part of her religion. "Elle croyait aux Sylphes et brûloit d'envie d'en avoir un." The transition from "The Rape of the Lock" to "Le Mari Sylphe" is an easy one. In both there is the charm which invests the Hampton Court of the prosy Anne and the phlegmatic George of Denmark with an original air of fanciful mystification—a "je ne sais quoi d'aérien," as Marmontel says.

If we read the *espièglerie* of Marmontel into the witty scheme of Pope, we have a clear impression of what the court beauties and the beaux thought of the "Rape of the Lock." So "Beauty draws us with a single hair." Belinda's locks, nourished to the destruction of mankind, allure the Baron; and the expedition to Hampton Court furnishes the occasion for the bold attempt. It is the home of scandal and of wit, of beaux' audacity, and of the triumphs of the fair:—

"Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a Court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*"



Rye Front

Doubtless they sat in some stately parlour looking upon the gardens, where the work of homely Queen Mary adorned the couches, and the ceiling displayed the genius of Signor Verrio or Sir James Thornhill. A game of *ombre* beguiles the afternoon, and all goes happily till

“On one nice trick depends the gen’ral fate.”

Belinda triumphs and

“exulting fills with shouts the sky.
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.”

Coffee relieves their excited feelings and inspires the Baron to a dauntless deed. The sylphs in vain interpose to check the robber or rouse the thoughtless fair. He draws nearer with the glitt’ring Forfex; her looks remain fixed on her coffee-cup of rich “china earth,” or on the long expanse of garden, canal, and wood. In a moment the crime is committed, and the severed lock is in the hands of the victor. As for the “wretched maid,” she

“spread her hands and cry’d,
While Hampton’s echoes, wretched maid ! reply’d.”

The Palace itself is cursed by her tragic misfortune, and only an apotheosis of the lock can satisfy the maiden and poetic justice alike.

It is impossible to pass up the Thames to the river front, which Mr. Railton has so charmingly imaged, without memories of Pope’s lines. Hampton

Court preserves Belinda, the Baron, and Sir Plume; and Pope's immortality is safe in its keeping.

What served the most polished of poets for the setting of his true (but not too true) story served him also for subject when he wrote some of the pleasantest of his very artificial letters. "I went by water," he wrote¹ in 1717, "to Hampton Court, unattended by all but my own virtues, which were not of so modest a nature as to keep themselves or me concealed; or met the Prince, with all his ladies, on horseback, coming from hunting. Mrs. B. and Mrs. L.² took me into protection, contrary to the laws against harbouring papists, and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better, an opportunity of conversing with Mrs. H.³ We all agreed that the life of a Maid of Honour was of all things the most miserable, and wished that every woman who envied it had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham in morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worse an hundred times) with a red mark on the forehead from an uneasy hat—all this may qualify them to make them excellent wives for foxhunters, and bear abundance of ruddy-complexioned children. As soon as they can wipe off the sweat of the day,

¹ "Works," ed. Warburton (1751), vol. vii. p. 132.

² Mary Bellenden, whom Horace Walpole says contemporaries always remembered as the most perfect creature they had ever known; and "dear Molly Lepel."

³ Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk.

they must simmer an hour and catch cold in the Princess's apartment; from thence (as Shakespeare has it) to dinner, with what appetite they may;—and after that, till midnight, walk, work, or think, which they please. I can easily believe no lone house in Wales, with a mountain and a rookery, is more contemplative than this Court; and as a proof of it I need only tell you Miss L. walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the King, who gave audience to the Vice-Chamberlain, all alone under the garden wall.”

Mr. Alexander Pope was very proud of his neat phrases, for he must needs repeat them next year in a letter to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

III

From Pope to Lord Hervey is an easy step. The poet was a good hater, a bitter little man, as warped in mind as in body, with a talent for artificial pathos no doubt on occasion, and even some real tears now and then, but at bottom a cold-hearted fellow and a bitter. Lord Hervey was much that Pope could not be, and yet had enough of qualities like his own to make him doubly obnoxious. He was strikingly handsome, a man of birth and fashion, a successful gallant, unscrupulous in “affairs of the heart,” of low morals and with a large spice of aris-

ocratic contempt. Pope was in all these things a contrast to his enemy. Again, Lord Hervey was for a long time more intimate, as an individual, with the inner life of the King and Queen and the court than any other man in England. He had claims to be a statesman: he had the deserved reputation of a wit: and he had the misfortune to attempt to be a poet and a satirist—to shine in verse in the manner in which Pope was supreme.

Pope and Lord Hervey represent not inadequately to us the literary associations of Hampton Court, and it is that Palace which first makes us link their names together. It was the charming maids of honour, Miss Lepel and Miss Bellenden, who brought the poet to Hampton Court, taking him none too seriously,

“Tuneful Alexis on the Thames’ fair side,
The ladies’ plaything and the Muses’ pride.”

And here it was, or at Richmond, that Lord Hervey found a home when his kindred were engaged in their duties of waiting on the Prince and Princess of Wales—“dapper George” and “cette diablesse la Princesse.” Soon he won the heart of the charming half French beauty, than whom, says Lady Louisa Stuart, “there never was so perfect a model of the finely polished, highly bred, genuine woman of fashion.” In 1720 the attachment was notorious.

“Now Hervey, fair of face, I mark full well
With thee youth’s youngest daughter, sweet Lepel,”

wrote Gay; and indeed, on April 21, as Lord Bristol's diary records, they had been privately married. On October 28 the marriage was announced. Three years later, on the death of his elder brother, the husband became Lord Hervey. At the beginning of George II.'s reign he attached himself to Walpole and his Administration. From that time, if not before, until her death, he was essential to Queen Caroline. He came at length to be with her for many hours each day, save for his Saturday and Sunday holiday, of which he writes so slyly; her adviser, gossip, buffoon—in sickness or in health alike indispensable. In the same year Pope dates his own quarrel with him; and he left off his familiarity with Chesterfield and Hervey for the same reason, he says, "merely because they both had too much wit for him." It was soon a pretty squabble, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu did not pour oil on the waters. "Verses to the Imitator of Horace" and "A Letter from a Nobleman at Hampton Court to a Doctor of Divinity" were Hervey's contributions to the fray; and Pope's culminated in the bitter character of *Sporus*, "that mere white curd of asses' milk." The sharpest personal taunts are joined to political references, stinging alike to the Queen and the favourite.

"Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have express'd :—
A cherub's face—a reptile all the rest !
Beauty that shocks you, parts than none can trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust."

That is himself, and his dangerous work is when he

“ . . . at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad.”

This came out years later, and later still Hervey's feeble rejoinder. And meanwhile the peer was living on asses' milk and biscuits, a miserable life enough, of which almost the only pleasure was the honourable one of being of service to Queen Caroline. He lived till 1743; and six years before, the great Duchess of Marlborough, more bitter and more witty than ever in her old age, speaking of him as “always with the King and in vast favour,” added “he has certainly parts and wit, but is the most wretched profligate man that ever was born, besides ridiculous; a painted face and not a tooth in his head.” In 1740 he at last obtained political office, and in 1742 he was dismissed after Walpole's fall. A wretched career was his, which achieved nothing worthy, and only in its devotion to the Queen was above contempt. He began life a Whig and a Ministerialist: he died a “patriot” by the side of those young statesmen, Lord Lyttelton and Cornet Pitt, whom he had ridiculed.

And yet Lord Hervey was not the worst member of the court which resided at Hampton Court in the early years of George II.'s reign. One feels inclined to cry, like Matthew Arnold of the party, the Godwins and the sordid hangers-on, that surrounded Shelley, “What a set!”

The King, utterly brutal, licentious, coarse, unfeeling, passionate, and reckless; the Queen, cynical,

cold-hearted, without any fixed standard of religion or morals; the Prince dissolute, false, fatuously conceited; the Princesses hypocritical, or weak, or callous. "What a set!" It was a court which the manners of a Chesterfield might adorn, and which certainly his morals did not disgrace.

My Lord Hervey, who writes his "Letter to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court," was scornful enough against the clergy, contemptuous and bitter by turns, and, like most men of ill life in that age, he professed to hold the most sceptical opinions on religion. But he had at least one Bishop to his friend, and was by no means unconcerned in the matter of ecclesiastical patronage. Here he copied the Queen his mistress, who, says Chesterfield, "after puzzling herself with all the whimsies and fantastical speculations of different sects, fixed herself ultimately in Deism," but who was keenly active in the distribution of Church appointments, and commended Butler on her deathbed. It is not unnatural that he should never give credit for a good motive or hesitate to attribute a bad one. But though he certainly extenuates nothing, he makes of the Queen, after all, not a little of a heroine. Lord Chesterfield in a few words gives a view not dissimilar to the impression that comes from all Lord Hervey's Memoirs: "Upon the whole, the agreeable woman was liked by most people, while the Queen was neither esteemed, beloved, nor trusted by any one but the King"—and, we may add, Lord Hervey.

Queen Caroline, living her hard life in those fine rooms that look out upon the Fountain Garden, was, with all her coarseness, a very different woman from the Schulenberg or the Kilmansegge, or the "avaricious fury of a niece" Lady Walsingham, or Lady Deloraine with her utter disregard of self-respect, or Madame de Walmoden, or even the good-natured, kind-hearted Lady Suffolk. She was a stateswoman, not a mere leader of a court.

"You may strut, dapper George, but 'twill all be in vain;
We know 'tis Queen Caroline, not you that reign—
You govern no more than Don Philip of Spain.
Then if you would have us fall down and adore you,
Lock up your fat spouse, as your dad did before you."

Yet very different was her life to that of Elizabeth Farnese, to whom this squib compared her. Elizabeth's was a servitude, but Caroline's was slavery. George's "fat Venus" was snubbed, and bullied, and worried night and day. Hour after hour she must listen to her husband's silly gasconading, or his immoral tales, or his ill-tempered condemnation of everything and every person that did not suit his humour.

Lord Hervey tells a story of the change in the pictures in the great drawing-room at Kensington as an instance of the "accumulated trifles" that marked his ill-temper and insolence; and he ends it by a picture of a typical morning scene.¹ "His Majesty stayed about five minutes in the gallery, snubbed the Queen, who was drinking chocolate, for being always

¹ Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 35.

stuffing; the Princess Emily for not hearing him; the Princess Caroline for being grown fat; the Duke [of Cumberland] for standing awkwardly; Lord Hervey for not knowing what relation the Prince of Sultzbach was to the Elector Palatine; and then carried the Queen to walk and be re-snubbed in the garden." And all the while, as so often—Lord Hervey tells it of another occasion when George was explaining the singularly inappropriate pictures which he had brought over from Hanover to hang in the Queen's drawing-room—the only friend the Queen could rely upon, "whilst he was peeping over his Majesty's shoulder at these pictures, was shrugging up his own, and now and then stealing a look to make faces at the Queen, who, a little angry, a little peevish, and a little tired with her husband's absurdity, and a little entertained with his lordship's grimaces, used to sit and knot in a corner of the room, sometimes yawning and sometimes smiling, and equally afraid of betraying those signs either of her lassitude or of her mirth."¹

As time went on, and after a new entanglement in Hanover, George from uncivil became absolutely brutal, "abominably and perpetually so harsh and rough, that she could never speak one word uncontradicted, nor do any act unreprieved; and though the Queen, whilst she knew the King's heart was as warm to her as his temper, could, for the sake of the agreeable advantages she reaped from the one, support and forgive the irksome inconveniences she

¹ Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 84.

was exposed upon the other, yet now the case was altered, for, as his heart grew cooler and his temper warmer, so her sufferings were increased, and the usual recompense for them lessened.”¹

Into this unhappy relation there was introduced the miserable, and, as it seemed then and for some time after, traditional hostility between the sovereign and the heir to the throne. Frederick, Prince of Wales, a profligate, faithless, intriguing puppy—his parents used much worse words of him—was married to the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha in 1736, and from that time the family dissensions, bad enough already, became worse than ever. The Prince must needs tell his wife to approach as near to insulting the Queen as she could do without open insolence, and for himself, he must pass the bounds of deliberate affront. The last scene of the domestic tragedy-comedy was the hurrying of the Princess of Wales from Hampton Court on Sunday, 31st July 1737, when her child was on the point of being born, full gallop to Saint James’s.

It was a marvel that the Princess did not die, and the indignation of the King and Queen was for once justifiable in its extravagance.

The night, which Lord Hervey describes with such vivacity, was one such as many another at the Palace, which the courtiers professed to find so dull. The King, Queen, Prince and Princess of Wales had dined together. Then the King retired below-stairs to

¹ Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 43.

rooms on the ground-floor of the Fountain Court—where years before he could often be seen, watch in hand, waiting for the exact moment of his visit to Lady Suffolk—and was playing commerce. The Queen sat in her rooms playing quadrille, and with her “the Princess Emily at her commerce-table, and the Princess Caroline and Lord Hervey at cribbage, just as usual.” And meanwhile the poor Princess was hurried down the staircase from her apartments, which were at the end of the east front beyond the Queen’s and separated from them by the public dining-room, into a coach without any one knowing.

They kept early hours in those days, for the royal party separated at ten, and every one went to bed by eleven. At half-past one the King and Queen were awoke, and told of what was happening, and by four o’clock the Queen with her daughters, the Duke of Grafton and Lord Hervey, was at Saint James’s and saw the “little rat of a girl,” her new-born grandchild. When she had seen it, she walked across the court to Lord Hervey’s rooms and took chocolate, and she was back at Hampton by eight o’clock.

The extraordinary story, almost incredible as we read it in Lord Hervey’s calmly realistic *Memoirs*, is not out of keeping with the amazing character of the court life at that day. The vice, and meanness, and brutality, the wit, and charm, and politeness, make a picture difficult to realise. Caroline on her death-bed, piteous sight, while George is sobbing out before her “*J’aurai des maîtresses*,” is hardly more human

in her heroism than in her horrible hatred of her son. "I will give it you under my hand, if you are in any fear of relapsing, that my dear first-born is the greatest ass, and the greatest liar, and the greatest *canaille*, and the greatest beast in the whole world, and I most heartily wish he was out of it."

George III. has been blamed for giving up the Palace as a royal residence; and the little story of his grandfather having boxed his ears is made to account for it. But can one wonder that a prince of such a fine moral feeling should shrink from associations such as his youth would recall of the palace of George II.? For the last years, when the Queen was dead, were worse than ever. Now Madame Walmoden had come over from Hanover, and was Countess of Yarmouth, and she would drive with the King to Hampton Court on Saturday afternoons, says Horace Walpole, "in coaches and six, with heavy horseguards kicking up the dust before them—dined, walked an hour in the garden, returned in the same dusty parade, and his Majesty fancied himself the most gallant and lively prince in Europe."

The short visits of George II. are almost the last royal memories of Hampton Court. Some of the rooms are just as he left them. In the Queen's bathing-closet one can fancy that the chaplains may be heard praying next door, as in Lord Hervey's satiric play. The public dining-room, of which the decoration is said to date from 1740, with its rather later Georgian pictures, effectively recalls the last years



The East Front

of George II. The little rooms of the Prince of Wales's suite next to it have lost their furniture, save the pieces of tapestry worked at Mortlake in Charles II.'s time to commemorate the battle of Solebay. The Venus has gone from the chimneypiece of the Queen's private chapel, but the little marble bath which Caroline used is still in the next room. The King's Gallery has lost the Raffaele cartoons, and there is little else save the rooms themselves from this point that recalls dapper George till we come to the Queen's great staircase, of which the decoration, unpleasant and uncomely, is by Kent. We turn away our eyes from the work of this architect in the Clock-court; and we may best end our chapter with the charming story Horace Walpole tells of the "beautiful Gunnings" in 1751. They came to the Palace, as folk do now, to see the sights. As they entered the room where hung Kneller's beauties of William III.'s court, another party arrived, and the housekeeper said, "This way, ladies; there are the beauties." "The Gunnings flew into a passion and asked her what she meant; that they came to see the Palace, not to be shown as a sight themselves."

Already the Palace was becoming a show place. It was left to the reminiscences of royalty and to literary associations. Every one, as time went on, came to see it, but no sovereign lived there again. And yet, as Miss Mitford said, "How can anybody leave Hampton Court and live in the Pavilion?"

There is an air of homeliness about the royal life

there in the eighteenth century, with all its coarseness, which, in spite of the early Hanoverian hatred of everything English, has an air strongly national about it.

"Hanover," says Lord Hervey in one of his bitterest passages about George II., "had so completed the conquest of his affections, that there was nothing English ever commended in his presence that he did not always show, or pretend to show, was surpassed by something of the same kind in Germany. No English, or even French cook, could dress a dinner; no English confectioner set out a dessert; no English player could act; no English coachman could drive, or English jockey ride; nor were any English horses fit to be drove or fit to be ridden; no Englishman knew how to come into a room, nor any Englishwoman how to dress herself; nor were there any diversions in England, public or private; nor any man or woman in England whose conversation was to be borne—the one, as he said, talking of nothing but their dull politics, and the others of nothing but their ugly clothes. Whereas at Hanover all these things were in their utmost perfection."¹

Yet King George might storm as he would, Hampton Court, even in his time, was a thoroughly English house. The pictures, the furniture, the house and grounds, were, in the most obvious manner, those of an English King, not a German Elector. Space, and light, and decoration—thoroughly

¹ *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 29.

English characteristics—are the marks of the age as they are left at Hampton Court. There is nothing extravagant or fantastic. Even the richness is sobriety itself. The decoration in woodwork, seen so happily here, as in stucco, is homely as well as classical : and so the effect remains to-day. What splendour there may have been of Gobelin tapestry, of Louis Quinze furniture, foreign both, has become insignificant. The rooms may be dingy and brown, but they have never ceased to be homely and national.

CHAPTER VII

MEMORIES AND LEGENDS OF TO-DAY

Residents of later days : the families to whom the Crown has given apartments : the Wellesleys : Lady Mornington, the "mother of the Gracchi" : the caretaker of the Palace : its condition to-day : its romantic interests : Charles I. : Catherine Howard : the White Lady : Mrs. Penn : ghost stories : the artistic pictures on the verge of the twentieth century : a picture of the future by William Morris.

HAMPTON COURT, the most homely of English palaces, has now become the most interesting of all English dwelling-houses. In no other certainly are to be found members of so many families distinguished in the service of the Crown and the State. Since the accession of George III., the custom of assigning private apartments to persons favoured by the sovereign has been continued without intermission, and the Palace has ceased, apparently for ever, to be a royal residence. Among the personages of royal blood who have since that date resided there was William, Stadtholder of the Netherlands, who fled from Holland in 1795 ; and in 1880 the Queen gave the beautiful apartments of the Lady-Housekeeper in the south-west wing of the west front (of which Mr. Railton has given a charming



representation) to her Royal Highness Princess Frederica, daughter of the late King of Hanover, her Majesty's cousin, and sister of the Duke of Cumberland. Her Royal Highness still resides in these apartments with her husband, Baron von Pawel Rammingen.

During the century and a quarter which have passed since George III. finally removed the royal furniture, and gave up the state rooms, the Palace has held many hundreds of distinguished inhabitants. Talbots and Walpoles, Berkeleys, Greys, Wellesleys, Burgoynes, and Gordons,—the record is one that reads like the index to a history of England. It were invidious to particularise among so distinguished a list. Happily the tone of contempt with which the dwellers in the private apartments were spoken of by some of the sovereigns, and by many of the Radical newspapers, may now be considered a thing of the past. The recognition of public service could take no form more graceful, or more in accordance with the best popular feeling, than in assigning to the widows or kindred of distinguished public servants a share in the life of a great historic palace.

The association of the later history of the Palace with two ladies whose name has a very special interest cannot be forgotten. In 1795 the Countess of Mornington (Anne, daughter of the first Lord Duncannon, who had married Garret Wesley, Lord Mornington, musician and politician, in the year in which he was raised to an earldom), received rooms in the Palace. A keen-eyed and stately old lady,

as her picture shows her, beautiful even in old age, she was the mother of the most eminent triad of public servants that the same family ever produced—Richard, the “great proconsul,” Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and Henry, Lord Cowley. Her other children would rank as distinguished were their brothers less famous. The Wellesleys, as they came to call themselves before the end of the century (Richard was matriculated at Christ Church as Wellesley in 1778), soon formed a little colony in the Palace. Another son, Gerald Valerian, who held one of the rich prebends of Durham, was chaplain of the Palace—and a daughter, Lady Anne, had also rooms in what are called “the Queen’s half-storey.” Years afterwards, in 1843, the beautiful Marchioness of Wellesley received apartments in the Palace. An American lady, whose sisters were Duchess of Leeds and Lady Stafford, she had married the great Marquis in 1825, when he was for the first time Viceroy of Ireland. They had lived happily together till his death in 1842, chiefly in London, in literary society and among old friends. The Marquis’s little volume, “*Primitiæ et Reliquiæ*,” published when he had reached the age of eighty, shows the charm of those quiet years; and in the copy which he gave to his wife he wrote Dryden’s lines—

“All of a tenour was their after-life,
No day discoloured with domestic strife,
No jealousy, but mutual truth believed,
Secure repose and kindness undeceived.”

Lady Wellesley lived till 1853. It is interesting to

observe that the papers of her distinguished husband have recently found a home in the precincts.¹

Lady Mornington's rooms were on the ground-floor of the north-east corner of the Palace, looking upon a charming little garden and across to the end of "Prince Edward's lodgings." The garden in which she often sat is still called Lady Mornington's garden. By the arch from the cloister into the garden, at the right hand, is the little nook to which the Duke of Wellington gave the name of "purr corner" from its attraction for the old ladies who in his mother's day delighted to sit and gossip there.

The Wellesley family affords a happy instance of the pleasant domestic life which has sprung up and been nourished in the Palace under the kindly and gracious arrangements of the sovereign. Her Majesty has delighted to reward public service in this most delicate and appropriate fashion.

It is impossible to walk through the Palace or the grounds without recognising the care which is now taken of everything which may preserve or enhance its historic interest. In the early days of July this year (1896), I have seen some of the old statues which formerly decorated the south front being replaced in their old positions among the oranges which line the walk in the summer.

It would be invidious to particularise the persons to

¹ Four hundred volumes of his official correspondence, &c., given by his representatives, are in the British Museum; but the mass of his private correspondence passed into the hands of the late Mr. Alfred Montgomery, who left it, I believe, to Mr. Ernest Law.

whose care so much is due, where all work together with common enthusiasm for the public good. But a word must be said of that admirable Surveyor of the Royal Parks and Palaces, Mr. Edward Jesse, who, more than any man, made the experiment of the free opening to the public a success. He wrote a charming little "Summer Day at Hampton Court," which very pleasantly expresses his interest, his knowledge, and his activity. Sir Henry Cole revised an earlier guide, under the *nom de plume* of "Felix Summerly," and Mr. Ernest Law has re-issued it with the improvements which his own knowledge has enabled him to add.

Hampton Court to-day appeals to the visitor in two different aspects. It is the holiday-ground of thousands of Londoners, and it is in this light that travellers and foreign critics regard it with pleasure and a little wonder. Thousands of orderly folk, merry, and not very attentive to historic association or even natural beauty, make sport and play here, as to the manner born. "As some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces," said the good Vicar of Wakefield: it is a happiness many a parish priest and many a philanthropist can now enjoy to the full at Hampton Court.

But this is not the only sight or the only thought. Hampton Court belongs to-day not only to the present but to the mighty past. Still a royal palace, with its guard of honour, its chapel royal, its chaplain and

choir, its staff of royal officials and servants, it has its close links with the past in the continuous occupation of many of its rooms by those who have borne their part, themselves or their kindred, in making England great. So we may walk through its courts with thronged memories of great names—and from them we may pass to “thick-coming fancies” of a world invisible or half known. Imagination and tradition vie in bringing forth tales of strange noises and mysterious presences. That long room, now so grey and wan in the moonlight, that leads round the great kitchen-court from the great watching chamber to the top of the Queen’s staircase, bears the name of the Haunted Gallery. Was it here—for it opens into the Pages’ Chamber—that the Guards heard the sad, stern voice of Strafford give the countersign “Christ,” as he passed by the sleeping pages and Mr. Inglesant on to where the King slept? Mr. Shorthouse may tell us that the vision was earlier and in another place; but Charles in those last days of his at Hampton must have had dark memories of the days that could not be recalled. Or is it Catherine Howard who tears herself from her guardians and runs shrieking to the door of the royal closet, that is in the west gallery of the chapel? Henry sits still within at his prayers, and the door will not open, and the guard force her back; but her shrieks can still be heard above the storm on windy nights. It is locked, and we may not enter it at night; but the custodian of the pictures, who has here some canvases that need his treatment, will not

tell us that he has seen the vision of the White Lady who weeps and wrings her hands.

Or those two young cavaliers whose bones were found under the pavement of the cloister in the Fountain Court, and whose ghostly presence was felt in the rooms of a lady near; do they now sleep well where they lie in Hampton Churchyard? What tragedy lies behind their burying in the "Cloister Green" in hugger-mugger?

Edward VI.'s nurse, or Mistress Penn—not the "Mother Jak" (so labelled) of Holbein's drawing, whom we now know to be Margaret Clement, Sir Thomas More's adopted child¹—cannot she rest in peace in Hampton Church under her fine tomb—she

"Whose virtue guided hath her shippe unto the quiet rode?"

She died in 1562 of small-pox, and her body reposed, they tell you, till 1829, when the old church was destroyed. She then returned to the Palace, and worked her ancient spinning-wheel in a room that had remained concealed for two centuries. She walks, so say those who have seen her, in a "long grey robe with a hood over her head, and her lanky hands outstretched before her;" and, like Hamlet's father to the sentries "on their watch in the dead waist and middle of the night" she comes, and being challenged, passes into air.

Hampton Court is certainly the very place where

This is one of the very few points where Mr. Ernest Law is at fault ("History of Hampton Court," vol. i. p. 197, note 2).

one would expect to hear "ghost stories," if not to see ghosts; and if ghosts are to be seen, what more impressive sight could there be than that of those who have walked here when living, now in mysterious statelessness haunting the scenes where they lived and suffered? The White King, the lonely Cardinal who served his earthly lord better than his Heavenly Master, Elizabeth, and meek Catherine of Braganza, and the long line of the great Harry's wives—we may see them all in memory or in fancy, and maybe some will tell us that they still walk the night. Or we may wander by the great old trees, the oaks and elms in the House Park, of mighty girth, some of which perhaps may look back to Wolsey's days, as one fine elm, at least by tradition, belongs to that of the Stewarts—"King Charles's swing" it is called. And as the twilight brings memories of romance with it, and soon the moon takes up the wondrous tale, we may murmur with Keats, whose words sound so naturally in this great galaxy of trees—

"Upon a tranced summer night
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmèd by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save for one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave."

So by night or day Hampton Court still has its fascination for artists and for poets. One who knows almost every stone has drawn it, as long months have

taught him, with a touch of mastery. With him we may wander round and see old scenes in a new light, as the old walls lighted by the bright creepers, or the quaint nooks approached from some new corner, pass on to the paper with deft, rapid strokes. There is very much that will bear seeing very many times. Custom will not stale its varieties. Each season, each hour, adds a new charm. And so happily men come and go, the crowds pass through, while the artist lingers, and fixes for us with his pencil what the old Palace looked like in the last years before the twentieth century.

To some the present, beautiful as it is, is but a poor image of the future; and the old Palace has been imaged in the fine prose of a modern master as it may be when the revolution, which he imagined was to come, is passed and the new time has come. Still, he says, in that dim future, when things shall have changed so much, there was a sort of tradition of pleasure and beauty clinging to the group of buildings, and still people would go there for a summer day. In the great hall tables are spread for dinner, and the old rooms still keep the pictures and the tapestry. And the old place still bears its beauty of old days, and no one can tell what that is so well as he who strives

“To build a shadowy isle of bliss,
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
Where tossed about all hearts of men must be.”

“A little town of quaint and pretty houses, some

new, some old," he sees as he rows up from the new London that is so far off from the London of to-day, all "dominated by the long walls and sharp gables of a great red-brick pile of building, partly of the latest Gothic, partly of the court style of Dutch William, but so blended together by the bright sun and beautiful surroundings, including the bright blue river which it looked down upon, that even amidst the beautiful buildings of that new happy time it had a strange charm about it." ¹

Since I wrote down these words of his, he has passed from the earth that was so beautiful to him; and he knows now the realities that were sometime dim in his eyes. He has left us many visions that we shall not forget; chiefest, perhaps, those that belong to the banks of the silver Thames.

Those who go to Hampton Court on a bright summer day may well think, even now, that it does not fall very far below the poet's picture of its future.

¹ William Morris, "News from Nowhere," p. 162.

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